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PROBLEM OF FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE. By Professor W. J. Simpson, C.M.G.

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COUNTRY LIFE

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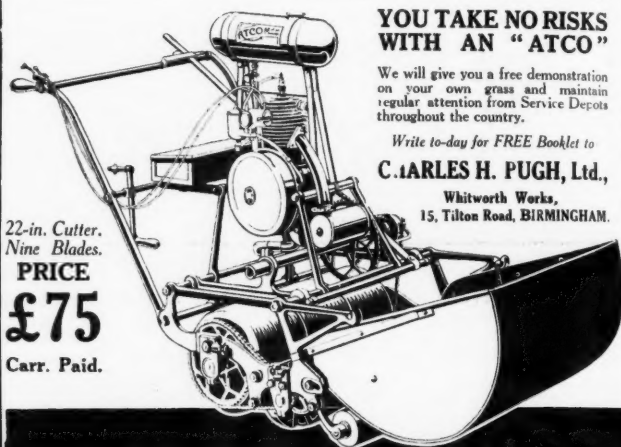
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COUNTRY LIFE

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The Shire Horse Show

IT was a dramatic moment! At three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, February 22nd, the King and Queen, the Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles entered the Royal Box to the sound of loud applause from the vast crowd of spectators, and the judging of the champions immediately began. The huge building was packed from floor to gallery. No seat was vacant, and the standing room was occupied by a dense crowd, so that the arena, where the animals were displayed, was like a rectangular picture set in a dark frame of human beings. The most significant event in it was that the special prize, offered by the King for the best Shire in the Show, was won by a woman—Mrs. Stanton—whose Harboro' Nulli Secundus thoroughly deserved the prize. The incident was the more remarkable inasmuch as Mrs. Stanton is the first lady to have won this championship, and by a happy coincidence she is the first winner of the King's Champion Challenge Cup for the best colt or stallion. It was a great honour, and will, no doubt, encourage other ladies to take up the breeding of Shire horses. Apart from the prize list, it must be said that this subject of Shire horse breeding supplied most of the serious conversation of the lookers-on. There has been a very considerable slump in the huge prices which were obtained for the best stock just after the war, and the question is whether that fall in price is or is not going to be permanent. The situation is difficult to analyse. First we have the fact that this industry rests on a basis that is artificial; it differs in this respect altogether from the business of breeding

thoroughbreds. A super-excellent thoroughbred will provide a return for the gigantic sum required to purchase him by his winnings. As much cannot be said of the Shire. His work is that of a draught horse, and, if it comes down to hard business, that is the price at which he will sell. This does not mean that the high prices which have been obtained were undeserved. In order to keep a breed up to a high standard of perfection it is necessary that the finest specimens should be produced, and when a number of rich men are engaged in rivalling one another the price of a good sire or dam tends to go up. There are considerations which, in the immediate future, may weigh against this. One is that on the farm the heavy horse is not so much needed, its place being taken by mechanical traction. Even this simple statement deserves, however, to be modified, because the argument is frequently advanced that, after all, ploughing with the horse is cheaper than ploughing with the tractor. In this connection, too, it may be observed that the Shire of to-day is a livelier animal than the Shire of a few years ago. Agriculturists know that if a man is going to earn his wages in an eight-hour day, and if at the same time he is going to try to beat the tractor, then the horse must get across the field a little quicker than has been the custom. Some of the men who are discussing the matter seriously say that there will be a great deal less use in the future for both horse and tractor, because conditions are forcing the farmers to bring down their expenses by laying the land out to grass again.

These considerations show that the situation is a perplexing one. It is not at all certain, and we do not think it at all likely, that the prices of cereals will continue to fall. They cannot do so, simply because the number of producers has been enormously decreased. Russia used to be the greatest exporter of grain to England and she now is reduced to famine, while cultivation is proceeding under very great difficulties in most of the other European countries. Moreover, wheat growers in the United States and Canada will not go on at the present rate of cultivation, because there has been an overplus of their product. Surely, however, it would be very pessimistic indeed to think that the recovery of prosperity will not proceed at an accelerated rate once the excitement and dislocation caused by war begin to fade into the past. In every group in which we heard the question discussed it was noticeable that the more knowing of those present associated the future prosperity of the Shire horse business with a recovery in agricultural prices, as if recognising that the one depended completely on the other.

Conversation in the showyard turned largely upon the prospects of the next day's sale. They were not painted in brilliant colours and did not exceed the modest expectation formed in regard to them. The chief feature of the sale was the reluctance of buyers to come forward. Agriculturists at the present moment are beset with so many anxieties in regard to their chance of making a profit or losing on their husbandry that they do not care to undertake any expenditure which is not actually necessary, and they are perfectly right. The Shire horse has come down in price in sympathy with the general movement. He has, as Sir Walter Gilbey said at the general meeting of the Shire Horse Society, made a better stand than any other breed against the adversity of the moment. Recovery is as certain in his case as it is in the case of agriculture generally. You cannot destroy the productiveness of a huge country such as Russia, to talk of no other, without enhancing food prices all over the world.

Our Frontispiece

OUR first full-page illustration in this issue reproduces a portrait of Marchioness Conyngham, whose engagement to Mr. Alfred Baldwin Raper, M.P., has just been announced. She is a daughter of the late Mr. W. A. Tobin.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



COUNTRY NOTES

SHROVE TUESDAY, February 28th, 1922, will, after this, be a red letter day in the calendar of the Royal family. On it, amid the enthusiasm of her countrymen and countrywomen, the Princess Mary was married to Viscount Lascelles. It is a long time since any marriage ceremony attracted such an immense concourse of people. The crowd began flocking into London before the end of last week, and on Monday the streets in the fashionable districts were so crowded as to make pedestrianism almost impossible. Needless to say, every coign of vantage looking upon the Abbey or upon any part of the short procession which the bridal party had to cover was crammed with sightseers. No window opening on the scene was unlet unless the owner did not wish to let it, and in some cases enormous prices were paid. It all goes to show how very popular the Princess is and how satisfied are the English race that she should be wedded to one of the King's subjects. This was the central cause of the spontaneous demonstration, but all else that could make a happy wedding attractive was present. A charming bride, a bridegroom worthy of her, a great concourse of well-wishers and an unpretending splendour in the ceremony and its accessories, which is possible only in this country, made the historic scene one that imprinted itself on the memory and the imagination.

SIR ERIC GEDDES has had a political career that is meteoric in its brightness and also in its brevity. Before the war he occupied a position in business and was little known except among business men. He was called in for the express purpose of improving the transport at the front, and whatever he touched was the better for it. His name will be always associated with two things, of which one seems the contradiction of the other: the first was the formulation of a gigantic scheme of transport that would have been, if carried out, one of the costliest ever undertaken; the second was that he was Chairman of the Geddes Committee, which produced one of the most drastic schemes of economy that can be imagined. Thus it is evident that Sir Eric Geddes has that versatility which one supposed to be a monopoly of the legal profession, in which a great expert will work as hard for the defendant as he will for the plaintiff. So, likewise, Sir Eric Geddes shocked his countrymen by his scheme of expenditure and delighted them when he produced a scheme of economy, and now he tells us that the tale is ended. He has done what he undertook to do, and now retires. He goes a-fishing, and what he does when he returns will be his own business and not that of the public.

IN spite of the resolution so frequently expressed that science should be introduced into our industries, one of the greatest attempts to do so has met with very little success. The British Dyestuffs Corporation, Limited, was started in July, 1919, with a capital of £9,000,000, of which the Government subscribed £1,700,000. What the Company seems to have done was to buy shares and make advances to associated companies, and for the first year they made a profit; but, if we may judge by the falling off in the value of their shares, this prosperity has been checked. Moreover, it appears to be certain that the textile manufacturers of Manchester are receiving a still more severe check. They do not find British dyes suitable for their purpose and are restrained from importing German dyes except under a Government licence. In consequence, the industry is being transferred to the Continent. Lancashire piece goods are to a considerable extent dyed in German establishments. Holland, too, is claiming a share of the trade. Unless, therefore, the Board of Trade intervenes in a way that will secure either the improvement and cheapening of British dyes or facilitates the importation of dyes from Germany, the state of the dyeing industry is likely to go from bad to worse.

IN the "Essex County Farmers' Union Year Book and Annual Report" for 1922, just published, Sir Walter Gilbey states very clearly the facts about the apparent slump in the price of Shire horses. He points out that trade was at the top mark in 1920, when 110 horses sold at the London Show for £47,772, an average of £434 each. In 1921, owing to world-wide conditions, agricultural produce had fallen in price all the world over. Nevertheless, at the unreserved sale of Mr. Mond's stud in October last an average of over £305 was secured for the thirty-four lots sold. The average for twenty-three breeding animals was £430, and a three-years stallion was sold for £3,255, and others at £814, £630, £378, £336 and £315. At the sale this year only twelve animals out of about eighty offered found buyers. The twelve sold made an average of £183 15s. or a total of £2,205. The top price was paid for Mr. W. H. Holdcroft's three year old Burton Secundus, for which the Kettering Shire Horse Society paid 450 guineas. If it be taken into account that there is a general fall in price, it will be seen that the Shire horse has only gone down in value in sympathy with the general shrinkage. On the other hand, as Sir Walter Gilbey pointed out at the annual general meeting of the Society, the breed has held its own in falling markets perhaps better than any other of any class of stock.

NOW COMES JOY.

Now comes Joy solemnly to meet me,
Not with fleet step, gay in the morning air,
But on the verge of night,
Serene and fair
She paces; golden hair
Aureoled with sunset light.

Now comes Joy solemnly to meet me,
Almost too late.
The light throbs luminous before her,
Trees hang triumphal arches o'er her,
Spell-bound I wait,
As, rapt eyes holding mine, she comes to greet me,
Comes silently and splendidly to meet me.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

THE problem of emigration has once again resumed its former importance, and is now complicated by new factors. Taking the case of the United States, the facilities of transport from England are considerably greater than before the war, the two great Atlantic lines, with their six principal ships alone being able to carry over during a year no fewer than 144,000 passengers. Besides the White Star and Cunard lines, there are twenty-one other steamship companies running from Europe to America. But the United States Government has, of recent years, strictly limited the number of emigrants that it will receive to three per cent. of the number of any given nationality at the time domiciled within its bounds. Thus, for the financial

year ending in June the total number of aliens admissible is 355,825, while the carrying capacity of the twenty-three Atlantic companies, in third class passengers alone, is 1,725,000. England and Germany are well within their limits, having a balance respectively of 50,000 and 60,000. In new states, such as Poland, which have recently been created, and whence the desire to emigrate may be guessed as correspondingly strong, the ability to do so is limited by cost—owing to the lowness of their exchange rate—and the United States regulations. The steamship companies are, therefore, in the position of finding that they cannot possibly expect more than twenty per cent. of their third class accommodation to be occupied.

A man named E. W. Barrett ought to be grateful for not receiving a more severe punishment than a month's hard labour. He was convicted at the Stratford Police Court for drawing fifteen shillings a week unemployment dole and a similar amount as an unemployment grant from the N.U.R., while at the same time he was receiving from the Union Cold Storage Company a wage of nearly five pounds a week. For this there can be no excuse whatever, and, as a deterrent to others as well as a thoroughly deserved punishment, the judge might have trebled the amount of hard labour and still claim to be a merciful judge. Unless magistrates deal sternly with such cases, an increase in their number is inevitable.

THE International Exhibition of Theatre Art is being transplanted bodily from Amsterdam to the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is with pride and gratitude that we make the announcement: pride that South Kensington, the imperial home of the industrial arts, has taken precedence among national, as opposed to international, centres in securing the exhibits, and gratitude to the Director of the Museum and Lord Howard de Walden, President of the British Drama League, that they are giving us this great opportunity of seeing at first hand the progress of the art of the theatre, which is to-day so full of life, capable of exerting so great an influence, and which is so little understood by the man of average culture. The artistic side of the drama has never had, in this country, the recognition that other arts have had, though it is upon the stage alone that all the arts can be combined into one great æsthetic unity. To show the æsthetic value of the theatre is a matter of vast importance to our national credit, as well as a stimulus to all who are concerned with the forward movement in the arts and crafts of the theatre.

LAST Saturday's two International matches at Rugby football have left the situation more interesting than ever. Scotland beat Ireland, though only by a single try; France drew with England at Twickenham, and, since they scored three tries whereas England got but one and made up the balance in penalty goals, the Frenchmen may be accounted unlucky not to have won outright. Ireland must be deemed out of the hunt as regards first place; England has won one match, drawn one and lost one; Scotland has one win and two draws, and France two draws to their respective credits; Wales one win and one draw. Of all the four, however, France is, perhaps, the most likely to finish in front, for they will meet Wales in Paris—a very different matter from Cardiff or Swansea, and if they can get over this fence successfully they should be champions. They still suffer from a certain impetuosity which sometimes costs them dear—witness those two penalty goals on Saturday; but they are very fast and very strong, and they grow yearly more skilful. If they can win what must now presumably be called the "quadruple crown," everybody will congratulate them.

THE history of the recent attempt to establish a feminine police force is that of a costly experiment. The Committee on National Expenditure has recommended the disbandment of the Metropolitan Police Women Patrols as an economy, and Mr. Shortt, in the House of Commons, has stated that the recommendation is one bound to be carried out. These disbanded women will not be left in want. They are entitled to a pension in accordance with their rate of

pay, which is £3 a week for the rank and file, £4 10s. for sergeants, and for higher ranks *pro rata*. They became qualified to receive pensions by the Police Pensions Bill which was passed last year, so, owing to this financial muddle, the taxpayers will be called upon to provide a pension for these women, who are all in the prime of life, after a very short service indeed. Obviously, if they had been in ordinary employment, if they had been clerks or milliners or dressmakers, they would probably not have earned as much pay under a state department, and they would have been dismissed without a pension, but departments have a way of finding out the most expensive method of doing everything, and adopting it.

THE life of Viscount Harcourt has been cut short in a very tragic manner. He passed away during sleep in his bed early on Friday morning the 24th ult. At one time the career of "Lulu," as he was affectionately called by his friends, promised to be brilliant. He had inherited much of the talent for which Sir William Harcourt, his father, was famous, and had a very engaging address and an appearance that matched it. At one time he nursed the highest ambition of a politician, and was one of the hardest workers. Recently a change had gradually been taking place. It was noticed that he was not so strong as before and, consequently, less active; in fact, he was fading out of the public mind. The cause was physical. Like his father, who died very much in the same way, he had a weak heart, and that became a fatal handicap to an ardent ambition and lessened his power for work.

AN EPITAPH.

He laboured sixty years at hoeing earth,
At sowing seed, at toiling with the plough.
He strawed the stalls, was handy at the birth
Of lamb and calf, could spot a likely sow.

He helped in felling of the Christmas wood.
He mended thatch. Somehow he could not kill
A sucking pig, or wring a neck. The good
He did he only counted just not ill.

All this for sixty years in weal and woe;
And then one night last year at autumn's end
Death found him working in the early snow,
And everything that breathes has lost a friend.

RONALD LEWIS CARTON.

"KYOKKO-H-SHOH-HA." This strange-looking phrase to Englishmen means Rising Sun shining upon the Waves, and it was the subject of the New Year's poem for 1922 in Japan. Poetry enters into the life of the Japanese far more freely than into the life of any other country we know. That may be judged from the fact that for the annual competition no fewer than 26,000 poems were forwarded. The preliminary examination by the "Court Poetry Officials" led to a first selection of 280 poems out of the whole number. Is it not enough to make the English poet blush for his own country when he reads that there are "Court Poetry Officials" in Japan? The very connotation of poetry with officials must create a mild surprise. What do they receive for officiating? Are they qualified to receive a pension? Such we fear, are the mundane questions which the poets of this commercial country are likely to ask. Unfortunately, we cannot answer; nor is the information to be found in Gonnoské Komai's article in the *Times* from which this information is taken. The very way in which the little poems of the Empress and the Crown Prince are printed is most curiously inviting. The script, if script it be, goes up and down, not across the page, and to the wondering eye of one who knoweth not the language of Japan, it looks like a kind of beautiful puzzle picture. It is a pleasure to copy out the translation of the poem of the Empress, humbly presented by the contributor to our contemporary:

O I rejoice to see
How the peoples love each other,
As they gaze at the rising sun
Gilding the azure-sea—
While all its waves are stilled
In a golden serenity!

THE WEST SOMERSET HUNT

THE West Somerset is a varied, rough sporting country. They hunt over a part of the Devon and Somerset and Quantock Staghounds country, which is almost mountainous on the steep slopes of the Quantocks above Crowcombe and on North Hill by Minehead, where foxes make their lairs in the cliffs. It was a little further along, near Porlock, that Mr. Snow, when he had the Stars of the West, used to take out the hounds and work the cliff in order to drive the foxes inland in the summer so that he could hunt all the year round. Then there is cultivated country, some stretches of heather on Brendon and Croydon, and, at the foot of the Quantocks on the Bridgwater side, a nice extent of flat grass country not unlike parts of the Taunton Vale, which it adjoins. Near the River Parrott the marshes are divided by

big and formidable drains. There are also many big, strong woodlands in West Somerset, in which foxes take a great deal of finding. The variety of soil makes for uncertainty of scent, and hounds have often to hunt closely; but, after two seasons' experience of the country, I should say it is a fair scenting country as a whole. There is a fair supply of foxes, but, naturally, in the big woodlands they take a great deal of finding sometimes; but when found they are stout and wild, and are not easy to kill.

The late huntsman, Will Tame, of whom the artist has drawn a charming and characteristic portrait, was wonderfully clever at finding foxes in the wide, strong woodlands, and, having found a fox, he could hunt and kill him. Nor is a huntsman's task an easy one in West Somerset. Not only has he to



PICKING UP THE LINE.

contend with changes of soil, but there is every form of riot—red and fallow deer, hares and rabbits; and in so rough a country, where it is not always possible for a huntsman to get to his hounds, he needs to have control over them and to win their trust and confidence, so that they will respond readily to his voice and horn. This he achieved, for his hounds were handy.

In the West Somerset country, in the early morning, on one of the heather-clad hills near Dunster, I have seen the pack touch the line left by the fox on his nightly round and drag up to him in his lair; this was a very pretty bit of hound work and made us understand why our forefathers got up early in the morning and dragged up their foxes. To see the hounds feathering on the drag, whimpering, snuffling, throwing an occasional and more confident tongue, and at last coming together with a glorious burst of music as the fox sprang up in view, was most inspiring. What a scent there was in that clear autumn morning as the fox brushed through the heather

quickly. There was one horse hunting in West Somerset in my time which came from a grass country with the character of a determined puller, but gave up his evil ways and settled down quite sedately among our banks. I am inclined to think, nevertheless, that the banks and hills and the variety of the West Somerset country are less trying to horses than the wide pastures and flying fences of the Midlands. Horses come out oftener in Somerset, and there are few hunters that are not asked to hunt two days a week, and when I was in the country there was one follower of these hounds who was credited with six days a week on two horses. But be that as it may, I have no doubt that the banks, which must be taken slowly, are less trying than a more level country where fences must be flown. There are, as the picture of hounds hitting off the line tells us, some steep climbs in this country, and most formidable descents, and there is Croydon Hill and its boulders; and when we get into the bank country,

banks are so wide that the foxes and hounds often run along the top for a considerable distance.

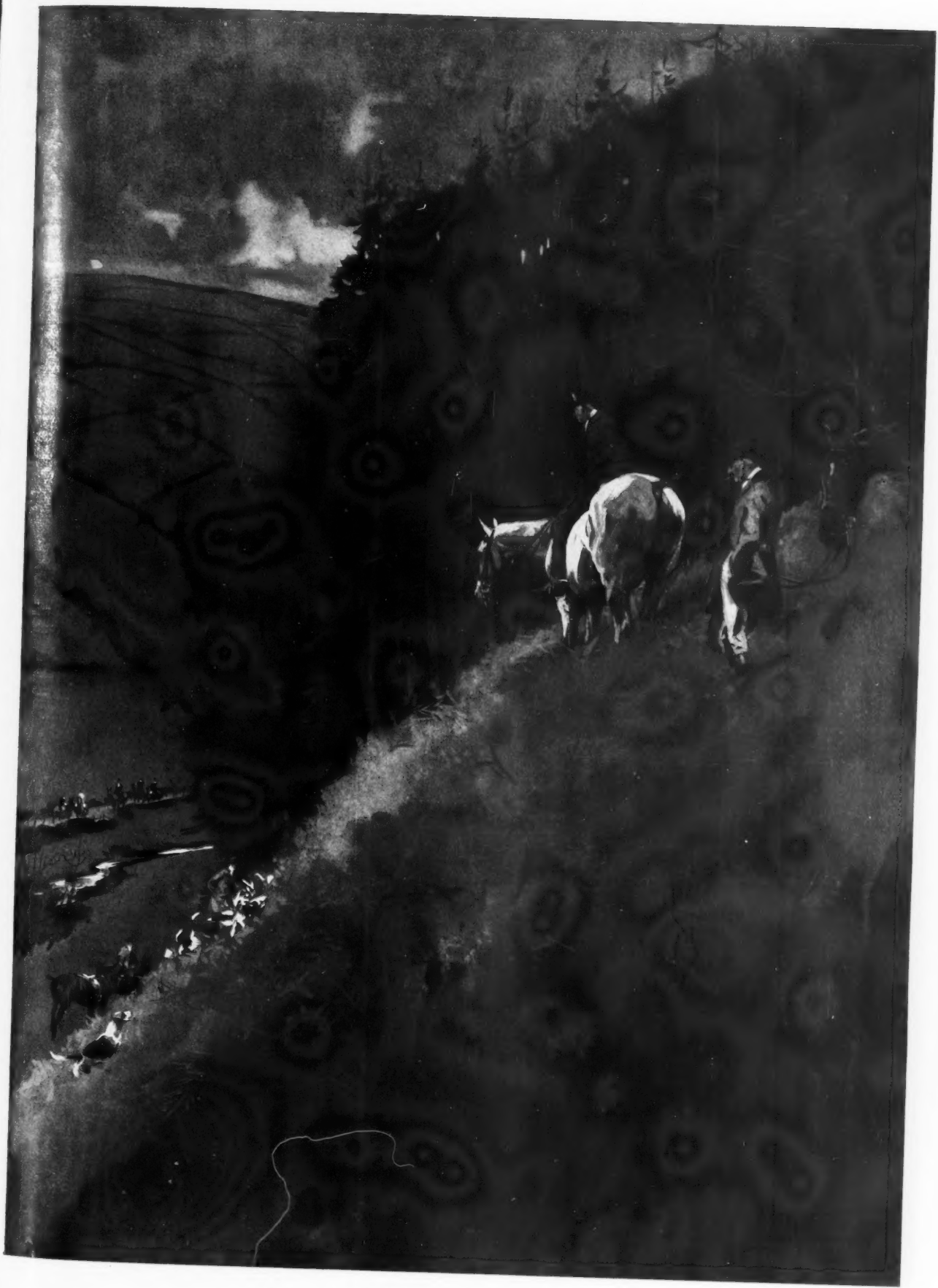
But it is clear that the country has attractions, for since 1824, when the Luttrells of Dunster Castle first kennelled their twenty-five couples up to the present day, in the course of ninety-eight years—if we subtract eleven years when masters ruled the country for short periods—there have only been three Masters of the West Somerset: Mr. Luttrell, Mr. Marshall and Colonel Boles. Naturally, it is not so much a country of brilliant scurries as of long hunts, but the West Somerset hunting has a charm of its own—the variety of the country crossed, the persevering work of the hounds, and the fine science of the huntsman (in my time it was Will Tame; he has been succeeded by his whipper-in, Charles Back, one of a noted family of West Country huntsmen, who is, I have no doubt from his work as a whipper-in, a worthy successor and disciple of Tame). Nor, in writing of the West Somerset, must we forget Dick Burge, one of the whippers-in of hunt history, who, like Bevans of the South Durham and Earp of the Quorn, was skilled in the work of whipper-in and devoted to the sport for which he did so much. The present Master, Colonel Boles, who also hunts the Quantock Stag hounds (carrying the horn himself) with great success, has done a great deal for the Hunt. The Master thoroughly believes in the sound maxim that hounds for a rough and difficult country like the West Somerset cannot be too well bred. There was, for example, a good deal of Belvoir Ragman in the kennel before the war, the Master also putting on strong draughts from the Cattistock and the Milton kennels, both packs noted for hard and resolute workers. With a sound foundation of the best lines of foxhound blood the Master and his huntsmen have managed to build up a pack not easily daunted by difficulties, and with great drive—hounds that are eager to get



WILL TAME, HUNTSMAN (NOW RETIRED).

and the pack strung out into single file as they will in the heather! At another time we would find ourselves in a country of stiff banks. There was a farmer who used to pilot some of us when we got into the bank country. He knew, as we did not, which banks were practicable and which were not; even in the case of practicable banks they cannot be crossed everywhere. I have seen the local men jump on to the bank, and ride along the top until they came to a place where it was possible to jump down. These banks and the strong fences on top delay us, it is true, but they keep hounds back; the pack often have to squeeze through a practicable hole in the fence—a process that, with eighteen or twenty couple of hounds out, takes time, so that the banks do not cause us to lose as much ground as might be expected. A banking country always takes time; we can only ride over it slowly. Indeed, a quick, flippant horse would be out of place and dangerous; but I have known a clever up-country hunter accommodate himself to the country

forward on terms with their fox and are inclined to delay as little as possible at the formidable obstacles, the steep-faced banks fenced with beech strongly plashed. But, probably, these fences are not an unmixed disadvantage to hounds—they certainly keep horses off their backs, although an ordinary winter field with the West Somerset are as little inclined to press on hounds as any in England. They are out to hunt, and not likely to spoil their own sport. Moreover, even the fox is somewhat delayed by these fences, since, however well he may know the country, the steep bank has to be climbed and the fence to be jumped or crawled through. But the West Somerset average of sport is a good one; it was only the day before these words were written that the hounds met at Kilve, on the church tower of which is the weathercock immortalised by Wordsworth. This fixture leads to hunting in the vale between the sea and the Quantocks. One of the best coverts in the Hunt is Walham's Brake. The pack soon had their fox afoot and forced



GONE TO GROUND.

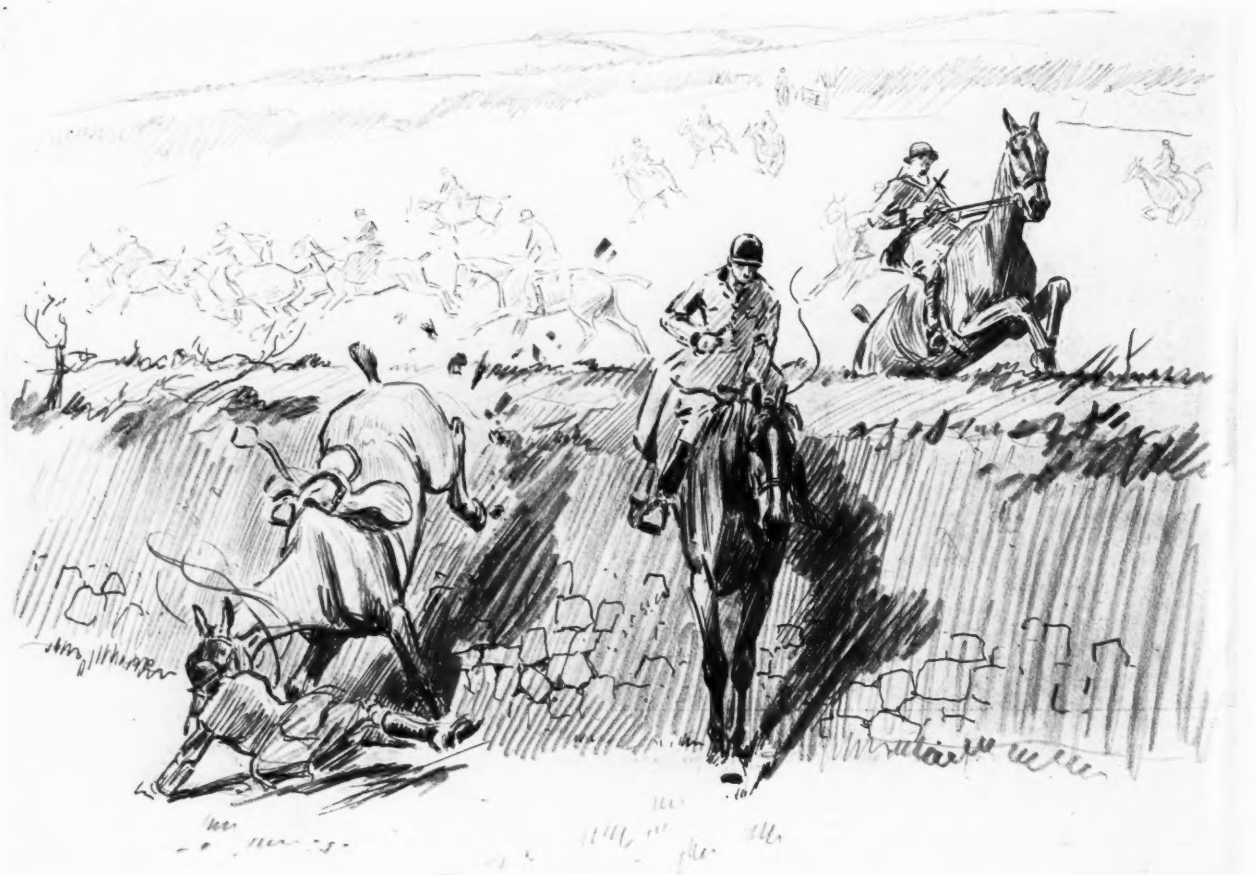


ALONG THE TOP OF A BANK.

him away, running very fast up-wind at first. They forced the fox to turn at Kilton Park, then hunted back towards Kilve, only at last to lose their fox. When hounds went away with a fresh fox, leaving their beaten quarry behind them, they spent the rest of the day in the best of their vale country, the only fault of which is that there is not enough of it, and ended with a race between foxhounds and the second fox (which a good terrier

bolted). Hounds chased him in view for a couple of miles, until he, too, beat them, by going to ground just in front of the pack.

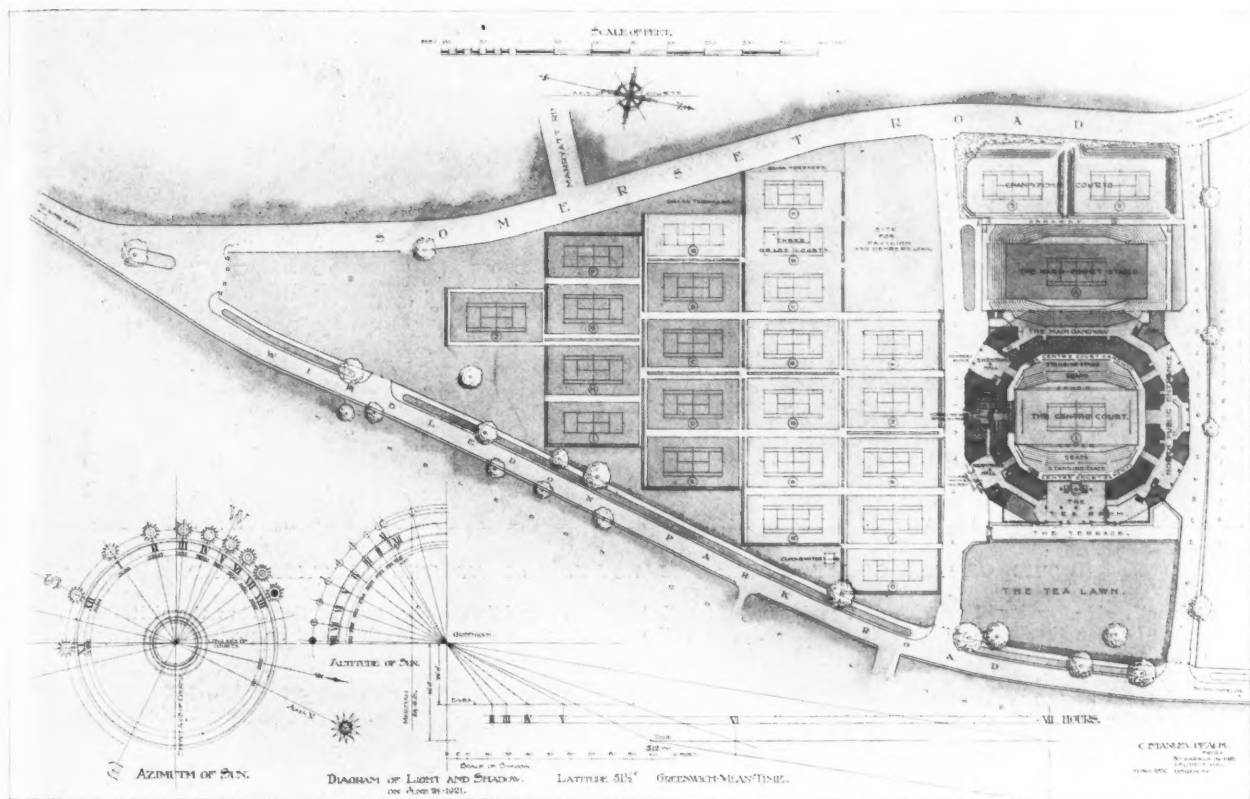
If for any reason a reader should put in a season with Colonel Boles and the West Somerset, he will find, like the writer, that afterwards he has a very pleasant memory of the Master, the hounds and their followers. X.



A SOMERSET BANK.

THE NEW WIMBLEDON

By BERNARD DARWIN.



GENERAL PLAN, SHOWING THE STAND AND THE COURTS.

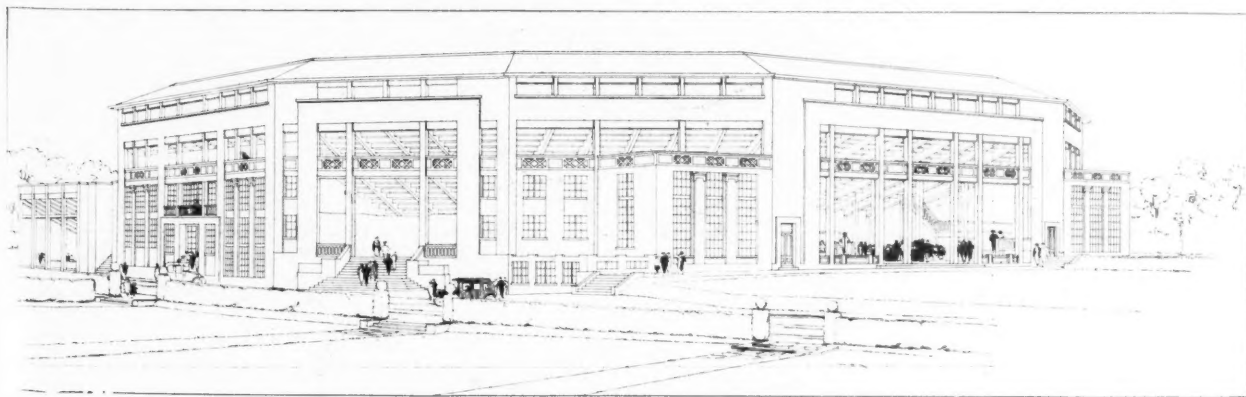
The grass courts are printed in a light, the hard in a dark tone.

THE Lawn Tennis Championship meeting is due to begin on June 26th. By that time, if all is well, the new Wimbledon will be ready for it with some thirteen of its sixteen grass courts and its huge stand that will give to hard on fourteen thousand spectators a view of the Centre Court. That is a sufficiently remarkable fact if we remember that the work on the spot really began only last September. It becomes more remarkable if we go there and see with our own eyes how much has been done and how much still remains to do.

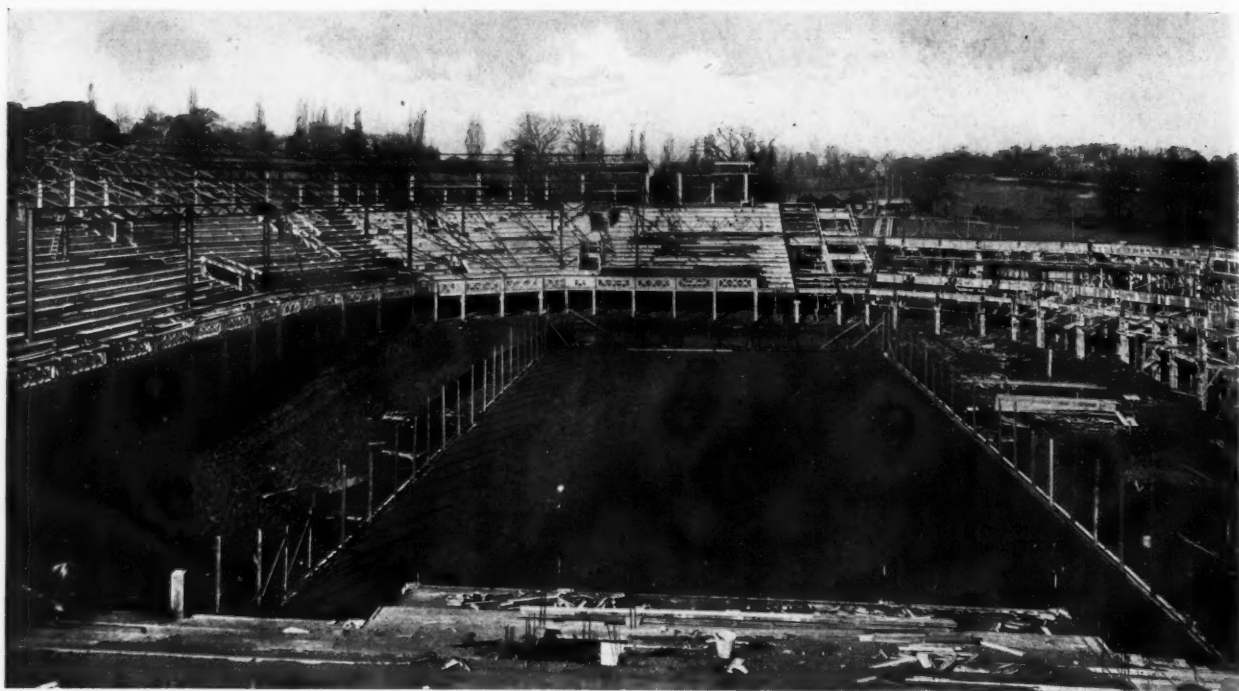
The New Wimbledon lies in a wonderfully pretty and peaceful spot close to the lake and the golf course of Wimbledon Park, with but a very few houses in sight that look down upon it from the crest of a wooded hill and do not like, very possibly, this new object in their landscape. Actually, the nearest station to it is Wimbledon Park, but Southfields is the handiest, and Wimbledon Station proper is not really very far off, so that it is thoroughly accessible. On our visit of inspection we went by car, and for the last hundred yards or so the road with its deep ruts and wallowing lorries was a little suggestive of Flanders or Salisbury Plain. Once inside the ground, we picked our way gingerly through the mud and to the vast Roman theatre—of ferro-concrete—which is the grand stand. I do not think either pictures or statistics can quite convey how very big it is or what a tiny little grass plot the Centre Court looks in the midst of it. Already one begins to feel sorry for the champions who have to

fight out their battles, frowned down upon by that great circle of seats that rises heavenward tier upon tier. What insignificant midgets they will feel! Why, the workmen who are standing on the highest tier look positively tiny to us standing on the ground. As to statistics, here are just a very few that are sufficiently imposing. The area occupied by the theatre—stand is an inadequate word for it—is larger than that of the Albert Hall. If you go for a walk along the corridor, which runs the whole way round and from which open the numerous entrances to the seats, you will walk a quarter of a mile, all but a yard or two. And yet this enormous place would fit comfortably into the arena of the Coliseum at Rome, which, it is calculated, would hold 87,000 people.

The plans, which Captain C. Stanley Peach, the architect, has kindly allowed us to reproduce, very largely explain themselves, but a few words of verbal explanation may be added. The stand is a figure of twelve sides, four long and eight short. Its length over all from east to west is 276ft., and from north to south 296ft. All round are covered seats. There will be approximately 8,920 seats in the covered part of the stand and 475 in each of the uncovered stands on the east and west sides of the court, or nearly 10,000 in all. Behind the open stands and in the east and west gangways there will be room for between 3,000 and 4,000 people. At the southern end are the Royal and Committee Boxes, the members', players and Press Stands. The principal entrance will be from the Pavilion Road, that is, the road



ELEVATION OF THE STAND.



THE CENTRE COURT, FROM THE ROYAL BOX AT THE SOUTHERN END.

at the south side, and will consist of two large halls called the South-East and South-West Halls respectively, and the slope of the ground will give an impressive flight of steps at the entrance to the South-Eastern Hall. From these halls will radiate staircases to the corridor running all round the stand. These staircases and gangways are roomy and comfortable, so that it will be easy to reach the seats and, generally speaking, there should be a blessed absence of crowding and long queues. The large tea-room on the plan has also a cheering appearance, and there is the tea lawn as well. Here there will eventually be a rose pergola along the north side, and on the east a herbaceous border.

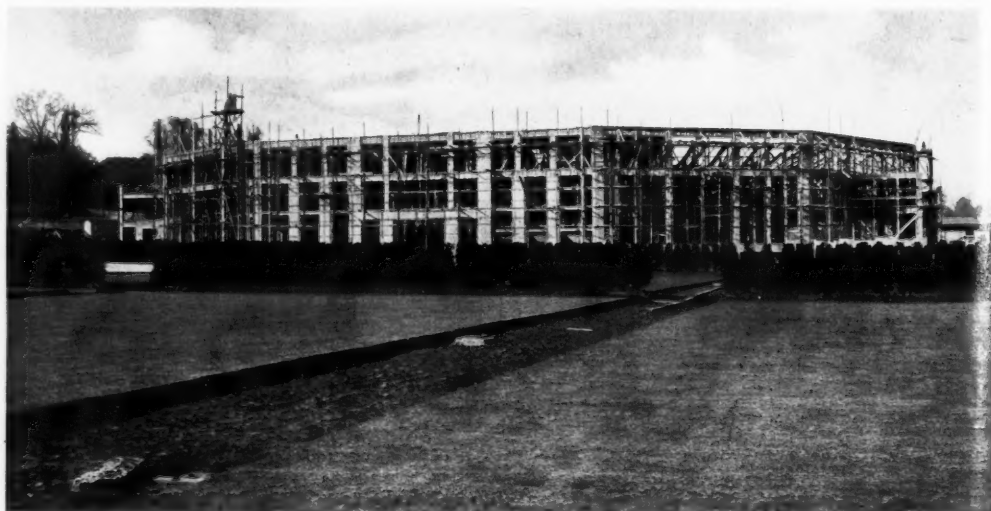
The Centre Court faces directly north and south, so that the players will not be troubled with a low sun in their eyes. Neither will they suffer, as they must sometimes do at the old Wimbledon, from claustrophobia and partial suffocation, for the circle is so big and the tiers of seats slope back at so wide an angle that they should always have plenty of air.

The long axis of the stand is a few degrees west of true north so that there will be no shadow on the grass portion of the court until quite late in the afternoon. The attractive diagram in the corner of the plan shows the sun rising in the sky and setting

at the meridian of Greenwich. Set below the altitude of the sun is seen the shadow which would be projected at any particular



THE OTHER GRASS COURTS, DIVIDED BY PATHS AND YEW HEDGES.



VIEW OF STAND FROM THE COURTS AT THE SOUTHERN END.

hour, and below again is the length of the shadow which falls not on the court itself. It will not be till 5.12 that the sun will begin even to think of misbehaving itself, from a lawn tennis point of view, and the conditions will be playable till 7 o'clock. By that time the great events of the day may be presumed to be over. In short, there will be the maximum of playing time and the minimum of sun.

The Centre Court must always, of course, be the chief attraction, but there will also be much good lawn tennis to be seen on the other grass courts, and there will be a fine general view of them to be obtained from the open back of the corridor.

Of these subsidiary grass courts there will ultimately be fifteen, but not quite all of them will be ready this summer. The two which will rank next in grandeur to the Centre Court are still being made, whereas the others have already their garment of turf, in which one can still just discern the innumerable little squares. These courts are divided from one another either by footpaths or by yew hedges, which look very trim and pleasant. For these courts there will be no stands, and the spectator will watch the games from the paths or from some other casual vantage point, such as the corridor. The grass courts are, of course, those on which the work is now being most urgently pressed forward, but they do not make up the whole story of the New Wimbledon. There are to be ten hard courts as well, and one of these is to be a kind of Centre Court in miniature, with its own Championship matches, and very possibly the old stand moved from the old Wimbledon.

This court lies immediately to the west of the theatre and also runs north and south.

Something should be said of the very elaborate laying of the grass courts, which has been done by the All England Club, with Commander Hillyard as the chief artist. To begin with, exceedingly thorough and careful draining has to be done, since the soil is heavy clay, as our boots at the end of the visit testified. There is, then, first of all, a herringbone system of gin, agricultural drain pipes. Next comes a layer of from 6 ins. to 8 ins. of graded engine cinders. Over the cinders come roins. of fine loamy top-spit soil and then finally the sacred turf itself. This is Cumberland turf taken from the shores of the Solway Firth. It was cut into thousands of 1 ft. squares; already, as I said, the joins between the squares are melting into one another so as to become scarcely visible, and Commander Hillyard expects to have them in first class order when the appointed time comes.

It is always a little sad to part with old friends, and the old Wimbledon has many pleasant associations; but of late years lawn tennis has grown so tremendously in popularity that the ordinary persons' chance of seeing the big matches was almost negligible. Only those provident people who took seats months and months beforehand could see what is certainly one of the most thrilling and dramatic of all games from the spectator's point of view. The New Wimbledon will, at any rate, give 14,000 people a chance, and it is so attractive a spot that any tears shed over the passing of its predecessor should very soon be dried.

THE PROBLEM OF FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE

By PROFESSOR W. J. SIMPSON, C.M.G.

NOTWITHSTANDING the strenuous efforts of the Agricultural Department, the epidemic of foot and mouth disease has inflicted a considerable loss on the country. This is not surprising in view of those efforts having unfortunately been handicapped by the very infectious nature of the disease, by its catholicity in attacking other animals besides cattle, and by the fact that the infective and causal agent of the disease has not yet been discovered, as has been the case in many of the other infectious diseases. There is every indication that the virus of foot and mouth disease contains a microbe, though not discernible even by the highest powers of our present-day microscopes. In favour of this opinion it should be stated that the virus acts in a similar way to that of the larger bacteria which have been established as the causal agents in other epidemic and infectious diseases. A very minute quantity of the lymph taken from one of the vesicles of an animal suffering from foot and mouth disease and inoculated into a healthy animal will produce the disease. The saliva, the milk and the excreta have also been proved to be similarly infective. The secretions from a diseased animal can easily contaminate whatever objects these come in contact with. Thus it is that fodder, litter, manure, feeding utensils, water troughs, attendants and the floor of the building in which the animal is housed may readily become contaminated and in their turn become sources of infection. Under certain favourable conditions the infection is capable of retaining its power for several months and may be longer. The problem of prevention of spread of the disease is rendered still more difficult owing to other animals being susceptible to the infection, more especially sheep, pigs and goats, and some of these are capable of being carriers of the infection, although apparently well and in good health.

It is as far back as 1898 that foot and mouth disease was discovered to be due to a filtrable virus. Some experiments were being carried out with the virus with another object in view when it was found that after filtration through the finest porcelain the virus still retained its infectivity. This explained at once why no specific organism in foot and mouth disease was visible under the microscope, for no organism larger than 125,000th of an inch could pass through this filter. The discovery led to the testing by this method of other viruses of diseases both in animals and men in which no specific bacteria had been found, with the result that now some thirty diseases are known to be due to what are called filtrable viruses some of which pass through coarser filters than the finest porcelain used for the foot and mouth disease virus. Among diseases possessing filtrable viruses may be mentioned pleuro-pneumonia of cattle, rinderpest, African horse sickness, sheep-pox, hog cholera, distemper in dogs, and yellow fever, typhus fever, smallpox and measles in man.

It has since been ascertained that more than one of the filtrable viruses show micro-organisms which at one stage of their life are visible under the microscope. For instance, the yellow fever virus has recently been found to contain a spirochaete, and the micro-organism of pleuro-pneumonia is not only visible but has been cultivated. But with the majority of filtrable viruses all attempts so far to render the specific organisms visible or to cultivate them have proved unsuccessful. Failure, however, by the present methods by no means indicates that future investigations by different methods may not be successful. We know the difficulties that had to be overcome with some of the larger micro-organisms before the medium was discovered in which they could be cultivated. The importance attached to the isolation of the organism and its cultivation is that when once this is accomplished there is always the possibility of preparing a vaccine or from it a product which will protect cattle and the domestic animals from the attacks of this disease and which may be useful in treatment.

In the meantime experiments on the lines which have proved so successful in protecting animals from rinderpest have been instituted, but hitherto not with very encouraging results. The mixed blood and sera from animals convalescent from foot and mouth disease have been injected into healthy animals, but the immunity conferred appears to be comparatively short. It is obvious that much research is required before the problem of immunisation of healthy animals or the treatment of the malignant form of the disease is solved. It is a problem the solution of which is of the highest importance not only to the farming interest, but also to the community, for foot and mouth disease is communicable to man, and the solution in the one case may help to solve the problems connected with measles, scarlet fever and other human diseases.

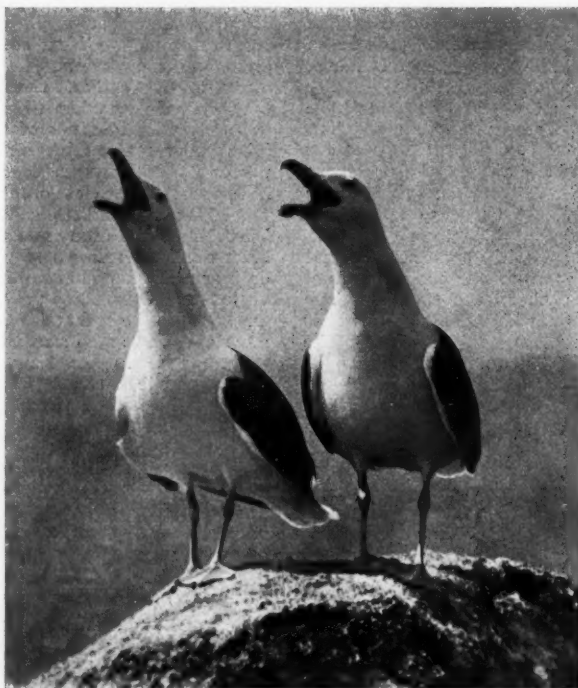
Moreover, in view of the many avenues by which the diseases of cattle and the domestic animals due to filtrable viruses can be introduced into this country and the danger of them becoming endemic, it is essential that every facility, financial and otherwise, for continuous scientific research into them should be given. The vagueness of our knowledge with regard to foot and mouth disease is apt to give rise to many theoretical views of origin and methods of conveyance of infection which do not exist. We have examples of this in the older explanations of the origin and mode of spread of human diseases, epidemic and endemic. It is not so long ago, but before the causal agent of cholera was discovered, that the infection of this disease was considered in India to be earth-born and air-borne, and gave rise to many curious measures of prevention. It was the same with malaria, some of the proposals for its prevention being expensive and useless, and it is probably the same with foot and mouth disease. We require definite knowledge instead of theories, and that can only be obtained by research in the field and in the laboratory.

BIRDS OF THE SEA AND SHORE

ILLUSTRATED FROM THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION OF NATURE PHOTOGRAPHS.

WHY sea birds should be so unmusical is difficult to explain, otherwise than by the difficulty they must experience in making their voices heard above the crashing waves. Certainly the great black-backed gull, of which Sir T. Lewis sent so striking a picture to the recent Show of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, is no exception to the rule. He is the greatest of our gulls, and to hear his loud, raucous cry amid the din of other sea birds is to be reminded of the roar of some four-footed beast. He is built altogether on big lines and, among other things, has an exceptionally large swallowing capacity. There is a record in *Nature* of one killed at Bridlington in January, 1895, having in its stomach a little auk so slightly damaged that it was preserved by a taxidermist. Six full sized herrings were the recent meal of another, while a third had swallowed a redshank whole. He looks every inch his character, both in the photograph by Sir T. Lewis already referred to and in that by Miss E. Shiffner.

One might fancy that Mr. C. Kirk's "Guillemots Afloat" had been taken in near proximity to the haunt of the black-headed gulls. You may often see a flock of guillemots on water near the rocks at Flamborough Head or the Farne Islands, while the black-headed gull is shouting from some dark pedestal. The guillemot seems to have had a long place in folklore. In the place names of Northumberland mention is made of the old ruined castle of the family of Featherstone being named after this bird. It is called "Willimonts wyke," that is, Willimots'



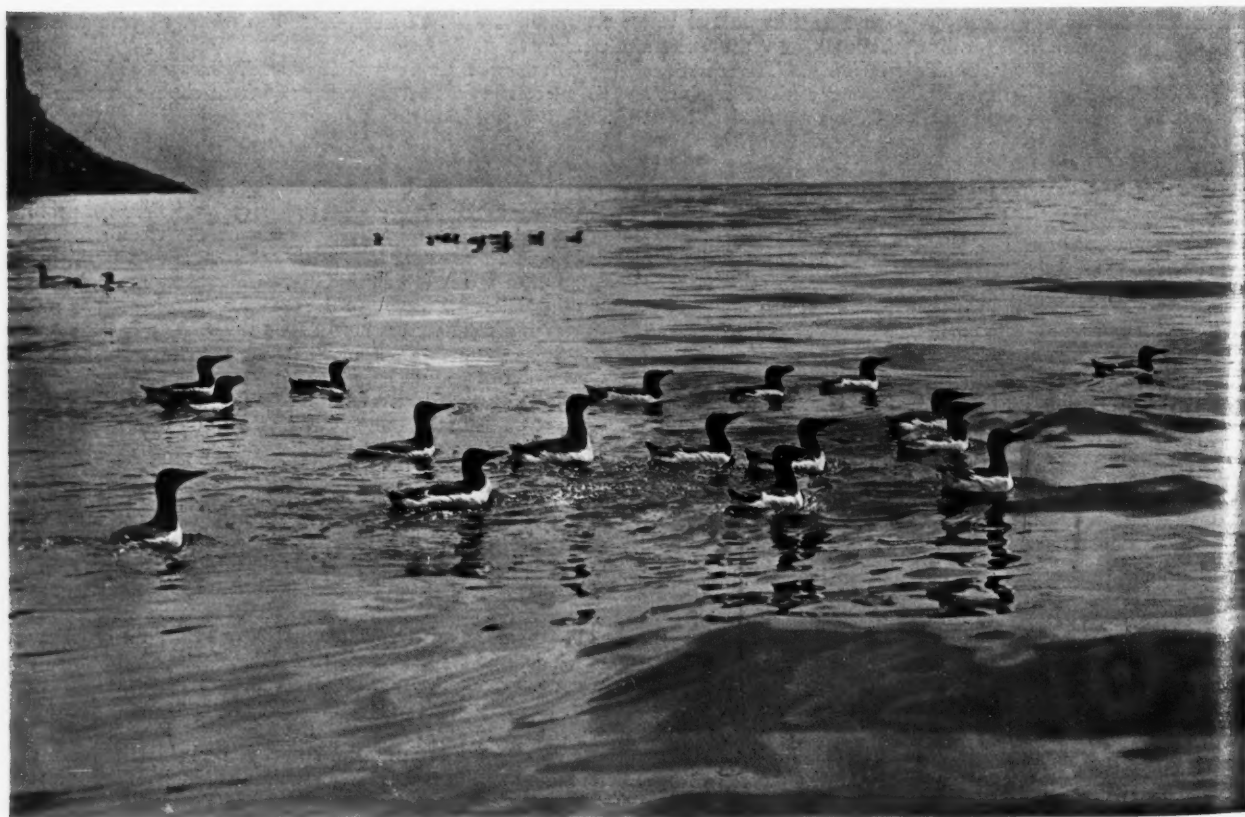
Sir Thomas Lewis.

THE DUET.

Copyright.

Dwelling. "Willimot" is a diminutive of the Anglo-French "Willeme," as "guillemot" used as a pet name for the bird is from the old French "Guillaume," which in early English or mediæval English either would be rendered "Willim," as indeed "William" is still pronounced by old rustics. Its place in folklore can be understood, too, from its many local names; "Scott" is one of the oldest, "Wullock," "Noddy" and "Murre" are others. Guillemots abound on the East Coast, especially where there are cliffs. On these they lay their eggs and may be seen sitting and even, in a sense, standing on them, since their habit is to pull the egg across the webs of the feet. Incubation takes place in June, and a lively time of foraging follows. "Afloat" is a very good word to describe them on the sea, as they do not sink deeply, but skim the surface with the grace and rapidity shared with them by many kinds of duck.

The avocet was at one time much better known as an English bird than it is to-day. The drainage of marshes and the enclosure of mud-flats have combined to drive it away, so that although it breeds in Denmark and Holland, it has ceased to do so in this country. The bird belongs to the family of plovers, which includes the sandpipers, snipe, avocets, curlews and oyster-catchers. They have only one point in common, that is, "the very forward situation of the corner of the mouth which does not extend back beyond the feathering of the face," a peculiarity not shared by any bird which could be mistaken for one of the group. There is a



Charles Kirk.

GUILLEMOTS AFLOAT (OFF AILSA CRAIG).

Copyright.

great variety in the bills of these birds. A plover's bill is very like a pigeon's. Sandpipers and snipes have long bills; a curlew's bill is turned down and an avocet's upwards—a feature which is easily noticed in the fine picture of a bird on a nest by Mr. J. Atkinson. The beautiful black and white plumage adds to the picturesqueness of the figure. Near it is a bold strong picture of the black-throated diver by Miss M. G. S. Best. It is, perhaps, the most interesting of the three divers—red-throated, great Northern and the black-throated. It has one characteristic not shared by its near relatives. You can approach a Northern diver very easily and, if alarmed, it dives; but the black-throated diver is strong of flight and always prepared to take wing when alarmed. In Norway it nests in June, but in Scotland a month earlier. One shot in 1880 by Mr. Abel Chapman weighed 5lb., its length was 27ins. and expanse 42½ins. Another shot subsequently weighed 8½lb.

The black-tailed godwit is another bird that has become unfamiliar in a country where it once nested. The more common variety is the bar-tailed godwit, sometimes called the red godwit. In some seasons the bar-tailed godwit arrives in great flights in August and September, many remaining through the winter, others occurring regularly in their spring passages northwards in May. It used to breed in the English fens, but after these became drained it withdrew to Holland and Denmark.

The lover of Nature, to say nothing of the ornithologist, feels many a pang of regret at the diminution of the great flocks of birds that used to haunt the Eastern Counties of England in the days of old. To read of the vast numbers which Cobbett met with when he was doing those "Rural Rides" which form so valuable a chronicle of the condition of things towards the end of the eighteenth century is to think regretfully of the state of things to-day. In Lincolnshire especially, immense flocks of species that formed a regular part of the commissariat of the time afforded employment to a class of men of whom very few representatives are left. The birds then spoken of as most abundant



Jasper Atkinson.

AVOCET.

Copyright.



Miss M. G. S. Best.

BLACK-THROATED DIVER.

Copyright.



Jasper Atkinson.

BLACK-TAILED GODWIT.

Copyright.



[Miss E. Shiffner.

GREATER BLACK-BACKED GULLS.

Copyright.

on many coasts have dwindled to a very few. Yet that they exist and can still be photographed at home and in the performance of their domestic duties shows that if reserves were made here and there, they, like the bittern, might be induced to come back to the neighbourhoods which they previously affected.

The two birds we have not mentioned, however, still are with us in good numbers. The tern, of which a fine photograph by Miss M. G. S. Best is reproduced, was referred to in a previous article. The lapwing, though it belongs to the tribe of the avocet, must be described as more of an inland bird than of the seashore, where it is only an occasional visitor. Sometimes one hears a lament that it, too, is diminishing in numbers, but that can only be a guess. Considerable numbers of these birds are to be found in the ring of country which surrounds London. They do not occur as single spies but as battalions; at any rate, the flocks are considerable in number. During the winter season they haunt the low-lying meadows on either side of the Thames and its tributaries, and in spring they nest in the barley fields within half an hour's journey from any of the great railway termini. One is sorry to notice

that, at this time of year especially, they figure to a considerable extent

in the shops of the poulterer. A lapwing does not make extraordinarily good eating. It is admittedly not only harmless, but a most useful friend to the farmer. A tribute is exacted from its eggs in the spring, when vast numbers are collected from the fields and sold at a great price in restaurants and other places. Now the plover's egg is undoubtedly a luxury worth having, and one does not want to draw too sharp a line. Provided only the first clutches are taken and the breeding of the birds protected afterwards, no great harm is done; but it is not worthy of our boasted civilisation that a bird so charming alike in its flight, aerial manoeuvres and in its own self, should be slaughtered for the purpose of providing a substitute for game birds during the early part of the close season.

Some lines by Bishop Mant alluding to curlews on migration might well be applied to the godwit. He describes them as

shouting loud
To warn their comrades of the way,
Lest darkling from the line they stray.

A well known naturalist says that the "cry of a passing flock of godwits has, however, to my ear, much more of hound-like music about it; the curlew's note might more aptly, perhaps, be taken as representing the horn." At night these notes are most impressive, especially as heard from the beach. On a still, starry night there are few sounds of Nature more melting than those made by those hounds of heaven.



George T. Atchison.

COCK LAPWING APPROACHING NEST.



Copyright. Miss M. G. S. Best.

COMMON TERN.

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THE NEW BYRON LETTERS

DURING the hundred and odd years that have elapsed since the death of Lord Byron his fame has oscillated between idolatry and obliquity. The letters composing the new volumes of *Lord Byron's Correspondence*, edited and published by Mr. John Murray, have had a curious history which was summarised the other day in a "Country Note" and need not now be repeated. It cannot fairly be said that they throw much new light on the characteristics and ability of the poet, but they fill up with detail many blank spots in his life and they hint at something extremely like tragedy. His relations with Lady Caroline Lamb are not fully expounded yet, but that they were of a sinister nature may be judged by a letter which is published here as an appendix. We quote the postscript, and it hardly needs comment:

Lord Byron hear me, and for God's sake pause before you rashly believe any report others may make. If letter of report or aught else has been malignantly placed in the hands of your wife to ruin you, I am ready to swear that I did it for the purpose of deceiving them! There is nothing, however base it may appear, that I would not do to save you or yours from this. Do not—oh do not believe those who would lead you for one moment to think she knows anything for certain—be firm, be guarded, resolve upon seeing her. There is nothing a wife cannot and ought not to forgive. I can never believe that she will betray you. The curse of God will fall on her and her alone if she does. I know not whether it may appear wrong or right to say so—but this I know—that if my death could at this moment serve you, little prepared as I am, I would seek it. If it is a mere letter I will swear I wrote it as a forgery—as anything if it can but prevent her believing anything against you—all I ask is this—be circumspect, don't let even your bosom friends know anything, and let it please (end of fragment).

It is not reasonable to believe that Lady Caroline Lamb would have used language like this unless there was some dark secret between her and Byron. Most people will be content to let the matter rest there. It is far more interesting to bring together the impressions left on one's mind by this long series of letters. Byron was a poet above all things, and he had the varying moods, the alternate callousness and sentiment, all the contradictions, in fact, which belong to the artistic temperament. He was consistent in nothing, not even in his attitude to money. When his friend, Hobhouse, to whom most of the letters are addressed, was trying to repay a sum of £800, for which he had become indebted to the poet, Byron generously said: "I have fifty resources, and besides my person is parliamentary—pay your tradesmen—I am none." At that time he was vowing in every other letter that he would not sell Newstead Abbey—not for worlds—not on any account whatever. He repeats his determination again and again till the quotation recurs in spite of itself. "Methinks my lady doth protest too much." He became greedy of money as he grew older.

In his love affairs what was most visibly lacking was the quality of love itself. He conceived a great attachment to nobody with the exception of Lady Melbourne, of whom he says that if she had been near his own age she might have done what she liked with him. Yet Lady Melbourne was no soft confiding Juliette or tender Rosalind, but a clear-headed and moderately hard-hearted woman of the world. His various amours abroad he seems to have delighted to flaunt before her eyes. Of one of the women who caught him in her net he wrote:

She is a sort of Italian Caroline Lamb, except that she is much prettier, and not so savage. But she has the same red-hot head, the same noble disdain of public opinion, with the superstructure of all that Italy can add to such natural dispositions.

She is also of the Ravenna noblesse, educated in a convent, sacrificed to wealth, filial duty, and all that.

I am damnably in love, but they are gone, for many months—and nothing but hope keeps me alive seriously.

The numerous episodes of this kind that are narrated in the letters show that Lord Byron was not a great and constant lover. Instead of concentrating his affection upon one object, he frittered his passion away in a succession of idle amours.

That fact, however, should blind nobody either to the charm of the letters or to the greatness of the poet. As a letter-writer he had ease, wit, directness and faculty for pictorial writing that has seldom been surpassed. On the other hand, he had not the quiet meditative charm of, say, Thomas Gray, or that of any one else who was immersed in literature or study. His poetry produced a revolution in the art and in the minds of the readers. Nothing like it had been familiar to the eighteenth century or the early part of the nineteenth. Evidence of the change produced was to be found in the effect upon admirers of Sir Walter Scott. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" had swept the country. They came at a time when romanticism was experiencing a great revival. There was nothing very new in what Sir Walter Scott did, but his lays were as exciting

and wholesome as the best of his novels. He was wise enough to know their true value and admit that Lord Byron's poetic fame had pushed his aside. Well it might, because if ever there was anyone answering exactly to Carlyle's description of "Ramdass with fire in his belly," it was the fiery poet who was roused into a scathing denunciation of English bards and Scotch reviewers by the lack of recognition of his first verses. Neglect stirred him on to greater effort. The effect was electrical. In a phrase that has become immortal, "he awoke one morning and found himself famous." His appeal might not be to all time. Swinburne, who had pondered Byron well, said that his was not poetry, but only rhetoric; that it lacked the essentials of harmony, that melancholy sweetness which he found in Wordsworth's "Will no one tell me what she sings?" Swinburne was right as far as he went, but his criticism did not account for the tremendous influence of Byron upon his generation. It was a generation that stood at the changing of the ways. For a couple of centuries England had trodden a well beaten path, advancing, it is true, but advancing slowly and wearily without any determined effort to reach a goal which was never defined. It started at Byron's poetry as soldiers start at a bugle call. It was easy even then to realise that the poet was only a splendid young egoist, a sybarite always hesitating between a life of action and one of thought. His "Childe Harold" was a revelation, and "Byronic" became as clear a description as "Tennysonian" was to become later, though the words were almost the direct opposite in meaning. Yet it should not be forgotten that Tennyson, the poet "of the long, gray fields at night," "the dry dark wold" and other homely features of his native Lincolnshire had drunk inspiration from the youthful Byron. It will be remembered how he lost a day when he heard of the poet's death, and could do nothing but write "Byron is dead." It was to him the calamity of calamities. Sir Walter Scott, too great to come under the influence of any mean rivalry, acknowledged Byron without reserve as the poet of the day. So did Shelley, and his tribute was that of a very different temperament. To those who read aright, these belated letters show this poet in *négligé*. In a way he considered very little what he wrote, but turned out the contents of his mind with a proud disdain of what anyone might think of him. That constitutes the true value of the letters to-day. They picture, as no biographer could, one of the most remarkable individuals of this or any other country.

The Oppidan, by Shane Leslie. (Chatto and Windus, 8s. 6d.) PETER DARLEY, the Oppidan in question, will never be a Tom Brown; but Edmond Warre took care that there should never be any Tom Browns at Eton, and Pop only sanctions one, and he is a tailor. In common with all old Etonians, the author is convinced that Eton can never be the same after he and his contemporaries have left; the South African War killed the Queen, bent the broad shoulders of the Head and, he would have us believe, permanently shattered the prestige of the Old Etonian. Yet the Great War found Lytton carrying on Warre's traditions, and revealed Etonians in just as many high places and shell wracked positions. It is now, in the war after the war, that Eton is, must be, changing. Alington has problems to face that never assailed Warre or Lytton, and as a non-Etonian, yet a brilliant and clear-sighted idealist, he is better equipped than they, and unaffected by traditions which, however we may admire them, we cannot but admit must pass away. The novel has no plot. Clearly if the book has to reflect with any accuracy the life of a boy it could not have one. Nor could the boys be burdened with elaborate characters, which they are only then forming. The masters, on the other hand, have their souls very little below the surface; they see so much and say so little. It is only after he leaves, and perhaps for a half or two before, that the boy can see his tutors' souls when he views them from a level or from above instead of from below. It is in this regard and in his genuine adoration of Eton that Mr. Leslie is at his best. His boys are vivid, but boyish; his masters, some referred to by name, others by thinly veiled pseudonyms, are brilliantly sketched, especially the present Vice Provost. The author, though wisely discarding a plot, yet confesses to using the story teller's licence of attaining dramatic effect by concentrating on a few characters the misfortunes mercifully distributed in life among several. Only twice does this concentration appear too thick, when Warre publicly dismisses the unfortunate Mr. Morley from his charge of a boarding house, and in the last chapter, which, contrasted with the easy brilliance of the rest of the book, seems mawkish and unnecessary.

NOVELS WORTH READING.

The Garden Party, by Katharine Mansfield. (Constable, 7s. 6d.)
Disenchantment, by C. E. Montague. (Chatto and Windus, 7s.)
The Tent of Blue, by Lady Dorothy Mills. (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.)
Tell England, by Ernest Raymond. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.)
Dead Reckoning, by Eric Leadbitter. (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.)
The Prisoners of Hartling, by J. D. Beresford. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)
Joan of Overbarrow, by Anthony Wharton. (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.)
Tremendous Adventures, by Dion Clayton Calthrop. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)
The Awakening, by Hugh and Edith Spender. (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d.)



It was not only in hall and library that Chesterfield restrained his affection for the French taste and permitted Ware to introduce such decorative forms as commended themselves to the English Palladian school. The "dining parlour" (Fig. 8) on the left of the entrance is a good example of a late phase of that manner. The ceiling, of which we find a plate in the "Complete Body of Architecture," is light in treatment, but not at all in the rococo manner. Here, as at Houghton, the Bacchic destination of the room is evidenced by the plaster-work. Fruit-bearing vines are in the ceiling centre and the frieze. The same *motif* reappears in the woodwork of the doorways and the marble of the chimneypiece. The latter is of the "continued" kind that Ware treats of lengthily in his book and such as we saw last week in the library. That in what is now called the breakfast-room (Fig. 6) is an early example of the type with detached columns at the ends supporting far projecting sections of the entablature. Ten years later they were more usual, and Lord Lyttelton placed one in the saloon at Hagley, but it is not "continued," that is, the woodwork upper part is omitted and such omission had become the rule. Ware, although he in some measure favoured, yet by no means exclusively used the "continued" chimneypiece even in lofty and highly decorated rooms. Indeed, he strongly objects to any superstructure when figures instead of columns are introduced. He deals with the

subject in a chapter entitled "Of a Chimney with the Caryatick Order," and illustrates it with the example he designed for his Chesterfield House Great Room, which is the present dining-room (Fig. 7). The large figures are not only the prominent features, but, being on the eye line, should be the work of a skilful sculptor. That makes them costly, and therefore he urges prudence on the part of the professionals whom he is instructing:

Let the architect who proposes of this kind to his proprietor or who receives the proposal from him, first represent to him the expence. This is a very needful article at first setting out, for if it be omitted, he must expect, either that the owner will be startled at the charge, or that the work will disgrace him.

He then insists that these figures "are to stand at seeming ease and it would be monstrous to load them with ornaments up to the ceiling." He therefore lays down the rule that "the chimney must end with the mantel piece proper," and that the figures should support nothing beyond the necessary entablature. Was he overruled in this matter? The original mantelpiece, of which the figures are said to have been sculptured by Flaxman, was removed to Bretby when the seventh Earl of Chesterfield sold the Mayfair house over half a century ago. But the present one (Fig. 7) is an exact replica—Boehm being responsible for the figures—not only of the lower but also of the



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1.—BALLROOM, LOOKING WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

2.—THE WEST END OF THE BALLROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

upper part as it stood at Bretby. As the upper part is not likely to have been added at the time of the move, we may infer that it was imposed on Ware by what he calls "the fancy of the proprietor." The walls of this room—which, with the library, forms the balanced "addition" of which Ware was so proud—are hung with a rich but self-coloured brocade as a background for pictures, and this was the original treatment. Many of Lord Chesterfield's rooms having completely decorated walls, the picture space was limited, but space was found for such a collection as was almost *de rigueur* in "a house of the greatest elegance." This, while the building was still in progress, Chesterfield gave himself pains to gather together, his principle being to get the best at the least cost. Thus we find him writing to Dayrolles in November, 1748:

A propos of money; as I believe it is much wanted by many people, even of fashion, both in Holland and Flanders, I should think it very likely that many good pictures of Rubens, Teniers, and other Flemish and Dutch masters, may be picked up now at reasonable rates. If so, you are likely to hear of it as a virtuoso; and, if so, I should be glad to profit of it as an humble *dilettante*. I have already, as you know, a most beautiful landscape by Rubens, and a pretty little piece by Teniers; but if you could meet with a large

and "dressing" rooms. The Quarterly Reviewer of 1745, however, speaks of "the dim mysterious little boudoir" as being "within" the library and still remaining as described to Mme. de Monconseil. Why the room described by Chesterfield as "the gayest and most cheerful" in England had become "dim and mysterious" it is difficult to comprehend, unless the reviewer is referring to the room behind the back stairs and next to the library. This in no way answers to Lord Chesterfield's description of his boudoir. We have, however, another clue. Chesterfield states that the chimneypiece was of "Giallo di Sienna," and the only one of that marble is in what Ware assigned for "waiting" and is now called the green room. This chimneypiece is of the French type with white marble scrolls overlying the yellow Sienna. But we miss above it the—

force glaces, sculptures, dorures, et au milieu le portrait d'une très belle femme, peint par la Rosalba.

The Rosalba was a Venetian whose portraits in crayons were at that time famed throughout Europe. Chesterfield will have sat to her himself as the Quarterly Reviewer found "still empanelled in its original position" an "exquisite portrait in crayons" of Chesterfield "in his prime," that is of the period



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3.—FIREPLACE AT THE WEST END OF BALLROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

capital history or allegorical piece, of Rubens, with the figures as big as the life, I would go pretty deep to have it, as also for a large and capital picture of Teniers.

The Rubens is at once found and a Teniers is heard of, so that before the year closes Chesterfield writes:

My great room will be as full of pictures as it ought to be; and all capital ones.

The "great room" was, as we saw last week in Ware's plan, approached through what he called an ante-chamber, but is now the drawing-room (Fig. 5), where it is interesting to note that the wall linings, although painted and decorated, then, as now, are made of mahogany. Here the picture space is limited, as the walls as well as the ceiling have "*beaucoup de sculptures et de dorures*," as described to Madame de Monconseil in September, 1748. The phrase, however, is applied not to his ante-room, which was not yet decorated, but to his boudoir. It is a little uncertain which room he thus names. As there is nothing so called by Ware on the ground floor, the inference is that it was on the first floor where, besides the staircase and landing space, there were four rooms, two, now thrown into one and called the ballroom, over dining parlour and ante-room, and two—the music-room and a bedroom—over Ware's "waiting"

of the building of the house, and therefore in strong contrast to the portrait of him painted at Bath in 1769, when he describes himself as—

turned seventy-six, a sufficient distemper itself, and moreover, attended with all the usual complaints of old age.

Such, in masterly fashion, Gainsborough represents him. He had been persuaded to sit by the wife of the second Earl Stanhope, and the portrait is still at Chevening.

Of the chimneypieces of the form and detail that prevailed in France, the finest is in the room (Fig. 2), over the dining parlour, now forming the western half of the ballroom. In this chimneypiece (Fig. 3) the statuary marble sculptures, which overlie the darker background (here not of Sienna, but of a grey marble), are admirably wrought and are representative of music, while other musical instruments appear in the deep cove of the ceiling. That makes it somewhat doubtful whether Ware proposed this or the room over his waiting-room as the music-room. There (Fig. 4) we find delightful wreath-surrounded groups of musical instruments on the walls. But they are wanting in the ceiling lore, although very much there in a ceiling design, otherwise very similar, in the "Complete Body of Architecture," illustrating a chapter "Of constructing a



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4.—THE MUSIC ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

5.—THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ceiling for a mufic room." Driven to such "wildnesses" by his client he tries to bring it somewhat within the rules of pure taste, but is a little ashamed of it and full of rather far-fetched excuses. "All Greek and Roman writings will be ransacked in vain" for such, as they would say that a plain superficies would return the sound "while one thus enriched absorbed it." He therefore makes the enrichment as flat as possible, and as to the character of the ornament, "the fancy of the proprietor, we readily allow must be satisfied at the expense of rigid propriety." But although he may ask for the "usual manner of enrichment," the architect can, without losing sight of the manner, avoid the extremes of Gallican absurdities.

A ceiling stragled over with arched lines and twitted curves with O. C.'s, C.'s and tangled semi-circles, may please the light eye of the French, who seldom carry their observation farther than a casual glance; but this alone is poor, fantastical and awkward: it is a strange phrase to use for anything from France, but those who have seen such ceilings as we have described must acknowledge it is just.

Whether Lord Chesterfield's rooms "à la Française" were to be reckoned superior to the originals he so greatly admired may be doubted. But they were the best in that manner that England produced, and Chesterfield makes no effort to hide his pride and pleasure. He likens the house to one of the many fair ladies for whom he had a tender attachment, and three months after entering it, in March, 1749, he writes to Mme. de Monconseil that he cannot visit her in Paris because—

Un engagement tendre, et plusieurs affaires sérieuses m'y retiennent; l'engagement tendre est celui de ma nouvelle maison, dont je n'ai pas tout-à-fait joui encore, et c'est un grand item en fait de tendresse.

Many finishing touches had yet to be given and as late as December, 1749, he tells the Bishop of Waterford that—

I have not yet been able to get the workmen out of my house in town, and shall have the pleasure of their company some months longer. One would think that I liked them, for I am now full of them at Blackheath where I am adding a gallery.

The Blackheath villa, indeed, both as a place of residence and an object of interest, was beginning to compete with Chesterfield House, which we afterwards seldom find mentioned in the earl's correspondence, whereas he has much to say about Blackheath. The house (afterwards the Ranger's Lodge in Greenwich Park) had been occupied by his brother, who, dying in 1748, left him the remnant of the lease. At first Chesterfield rather turns up his

nose at it. He "prefers the country up much better than down the river," and will only keep the place for the seven years remaining of the term because he doubts he "could not part with it but to a very great loss," his brother having laid out considerable sums of money on it. But soon he finds it grows upon him, adds to it, as we have seen, and also is much interested in the garden. His interest therein is principally in exotic fruits needing artificial treatment. In 1748 he begs his friend Dayrolles to send him from Holland "some seed of the right Cantelupe Melons," and the request is again repeated, so that in June, 1752, he writes to Dayrolles from his "hermitage":

In spite of this cold and rainy weather I have already eaten two or three of your Cantelupe melons, which have proved excellent, and some very ripe Muscat grapes, raised in my anana house, which is now stocked with African ananas, much superior to the American ones. The growth, the education, and the perfection, of these vegetable children engage my care and attention.

His pine growing is so successful that in January, 1750, he had sent to Mme. de Monconseil—

Trois ananas qui ne valent rien, premièrement parce que ce n'est pas la saison, et ensuite parce qu'il a fallu les cueillir avant qu'ils fussent murs, sans quoi ils auroient été en compôte à leur arrivée à Paris.

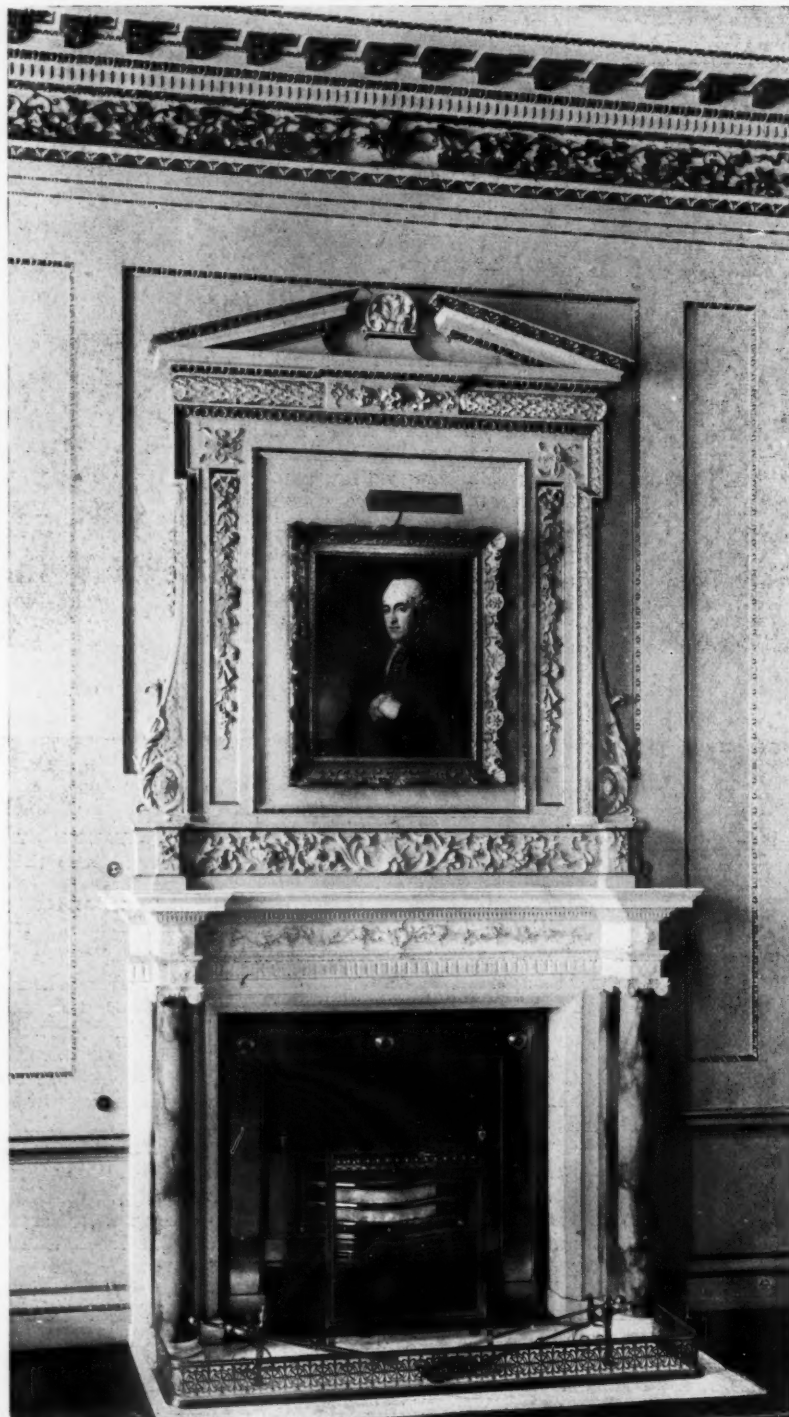
They are for presentation to the Dauphine, mother to Louis XVI, and, despite the unfavourable time of year, we learn that they proved a success. In the following summer he assures the Bishop of Waterford that—

The *furor hortensis* has seized me, and my acre of ground here affords me more pleasure than Kingdoms do to Kings; for my object is not to extend, but to enrich it.

He is now reaching the age of sixty, and deafness, to which he has "a strong hereditary right," is threatening him. That, naturally, causes great uneasiness to one who looks upon conversation and social intercourse as all-important. Nor is

he free from gout and other ailments which a life of somewhat full indulgence account for. Henceforth his health takes a premier place in his letters to his more intimate correspondents, and Blackheath and Bath see as much of him as Chesterfield House. From there he writes in May, 1752, to Dayrolles:

I go next week to Blackheath for the whole summer, if we are to have any, there to read and saunter in quiet. That place agrees with my health, and becomes my present situation. It employs my eyes, my own legs, and my horses agreeably, without having any demand upon my ears, so that I almost forget sometimes that I have lost them.



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6.—THE BREAKFAST-ROOM CHIMNEYPIECE.

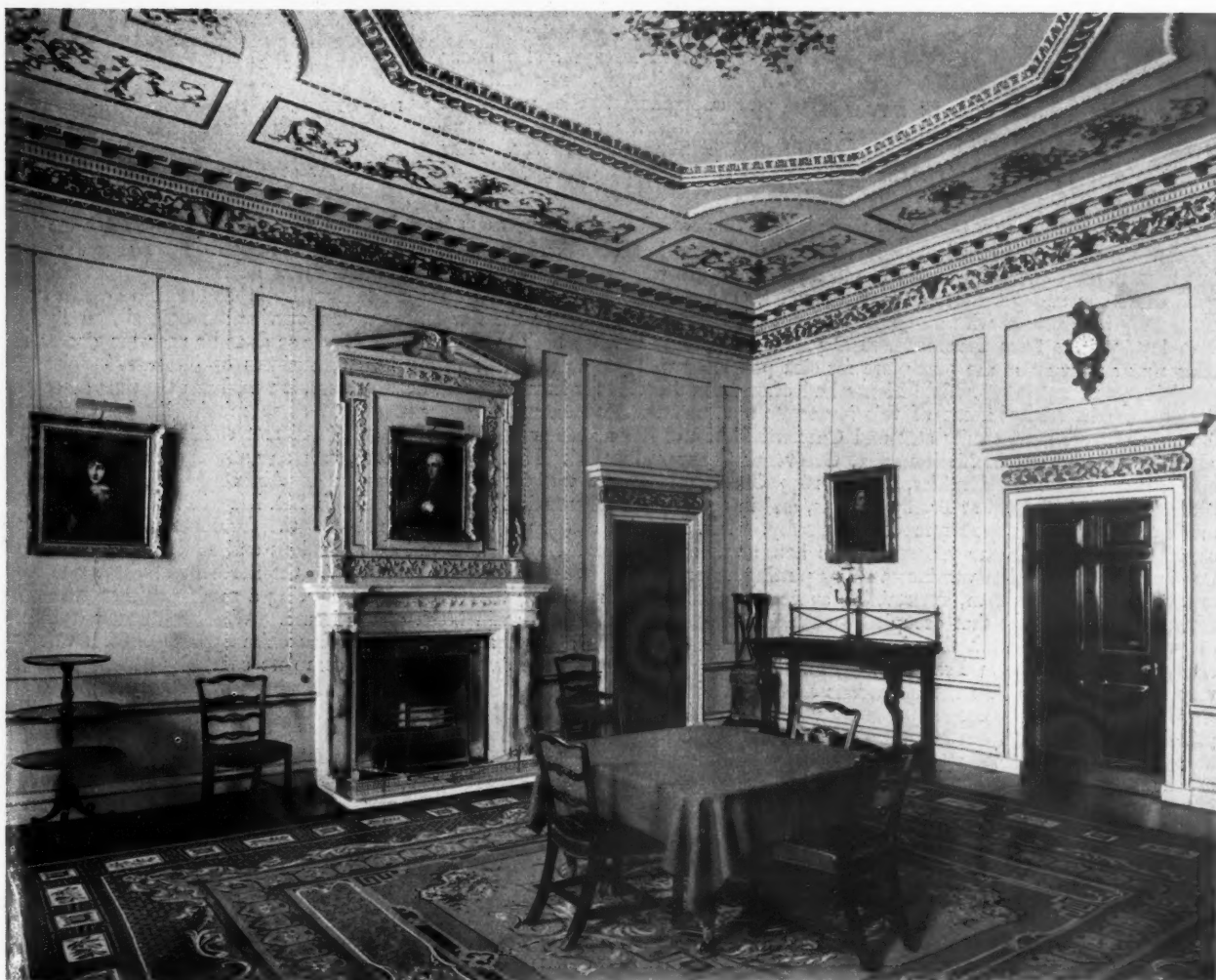
"C.L."



Copyright.

7.—WARE'S "GREAT ROOM," NOW THE DINING-ROOM.

"C.L."



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8.—THE BREAKFAST ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

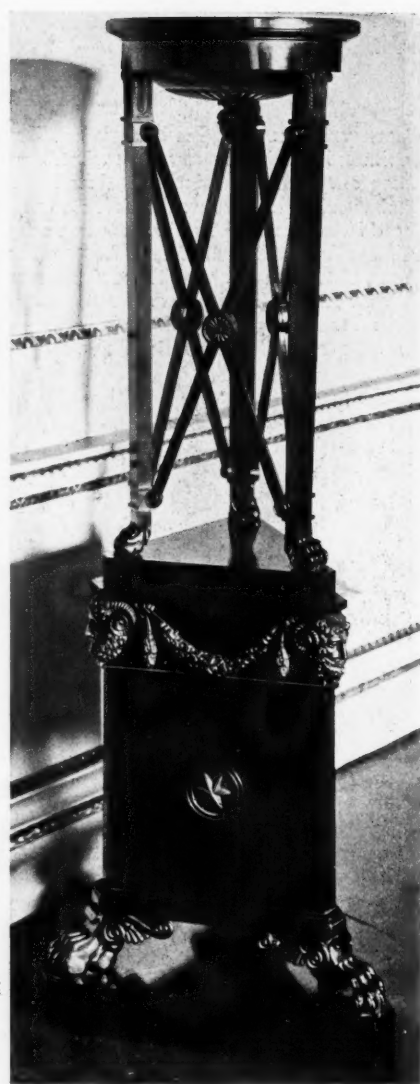


9.—GILT BAROMETER IN HALL.
It hangs to the right of the entrance door.

A year later he is so sure his race is run that he tells Mme. de Monconseil that he is vegetating at Blackheath, making the best of gardening, walking and reading, "moyennant quoi, j'attends la mort, sans la désirer ou la craindre." Yet he still had twenty years to await it, and took considerable and weighty part in social and political matters. In April, 1755, Lord Poulett makes a motion against the King going to Hanover, that Chesterfield considers—

An indecent, ungenerous, and malignant question, which I had no mind should either be put or debated, well knowing the absurd and improper things that would be said for and against it; and therefore I moved the House to adjourn, and so put a quiet end to the whole affair.

In the following December, although he complains that, "a general disorder and decay of the body is added to an impenetrable deafness," yet he admits that he has just made a speech of an hour's duration in the House of Lords. In 1757 his aloofness as a statesman who had long relinquished not only office but intrigue for place and power makes him of the utmost value at a moment of great national danger, when we were at war with France and the Empire and Ministers and opposition were too busy wrangling among themselves to face the peril with disengaged minds. It was Chesterfield's influence and interposition that brought to a successful issue the negotiations between the Duke of Newcastle and Pitt, which gave the latter a free hand in foreign and military affairs, and thus re-established and strengthened the power of England by the complete success of the Seven Years War. How



10.—ONE OF A PAIR OF TRIPODS IN THE
BREAKFAST ROOM.

complete and surprising this metamorphosis was is shown by Chesterfield's pessimistic view at the very moment when Pitt was taking up the reins:

The French are masters to do what they please in America. We are no longer a nation. I never saw so dreadful a prospect.

Fifteen years of comparative retirement followed this last considerable public act of Lord Chesterfield. Either he grows less unwell, or is more reconciled to old age and its necessary evils. In 1767 he had to admit that he had "a good appetite, a good digestion, and good sleep," and, though he complains in 1770 that his eyes are failing, he is still able to write letters sufficiently long to end with an apology for his garrulity. But in 1772 the few letters which survive are only signed by him. The last, written from Blackheath to Dayrolles, says he is moving back to Chesterfield House so as to be near his doctor, and adds that London "is the best place for sick people or well people to reside at for health, business or pleasure."

Thus, although Chesterfield House had often been deserted for hermitage and health resort, it was, from the time he entered it to his death, the real home of this inveterate townsman. His successors were not of the same mind. Bretby once again becomes the oft used family seat and Chesterfield House has no history. The fifth earl (a distant cousin) died at Bretby in 1815, and the sixth "at his house, 3, Grosvenor Square," in 1866. He had been in his youth an extravagant man of fashion. Hence arose financial difficulties, and in 1849 Chesterfield House was let to the Marquess of Abercorn. The seventh earl, succeeding in 1866, died at Bretby in 1871, and in the interval Chesterfield House was sold to Mr. Magniac. Then it was that much of the contents were removed to Bretby. Mr. Magniac developed the estate, reduced the forecourt in width and the gardens in extent. Some years later the house was sold to Lord Burton and various alterations and additions were effected. Bedroom accommodation was increased by putting a storey on to Ware's two great rooms. As the northern of these was made into the great dining-room, entertaining space was obtained by removing the wall and introducing a marble columned opening between the two rooms that occupied, on the first floor, the depth of the main block of the house. We have already spoken of the western half of what thus became the ballroom (Figs. 1, 2 and 3), and noticed its fine chimneypiece and its wall and ceiling decorations "à la Française." The latter were repeated in the eastern half and complete congruity obtained for this very fine apartment. To the alterations and decorations made by Lord Burton no change has been made by Lord Lascelles since he acquired the property a short while ago. There was need of some reparation and repainting, but the guiding principle has been to reserve all that was original, so that the interior retains much of the flavour and appearance it bore when, in February, 1752, Horace Walpole attended the "immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house."

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

LONDON, A CAMEO

Above, the sky a restful sapphire grey.

Below, the noisy crowded hustling street.

Above, in golden loneliness the moon.

Below, the tramp of countless weary feet.

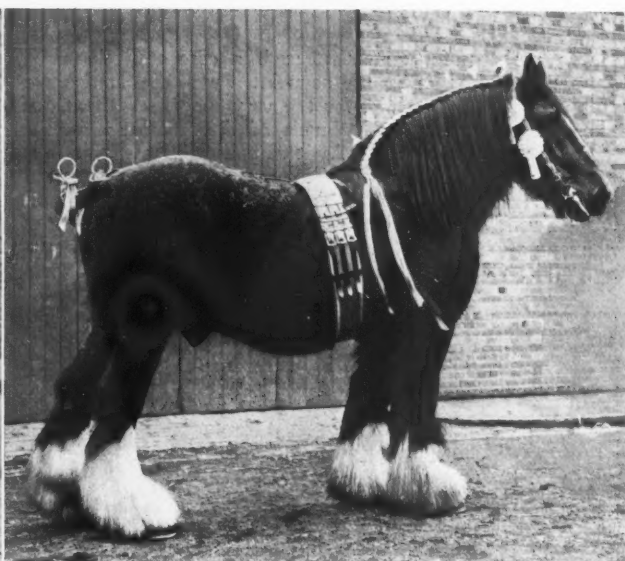
JOHN MEDDOP

SHIRE CHAMPIONS AT ISLINGTON



HARBORO NULLI SECUNDUS.

Champion Stallion. First Shire Champion owned by a woman.
First winner of the King's Challenge Cup.



RICKFORD COMING KING.

Reserve champion stallion.



CROSSWAY'S FOREST MAID.

Champion mare.



PENDLEY LADY.

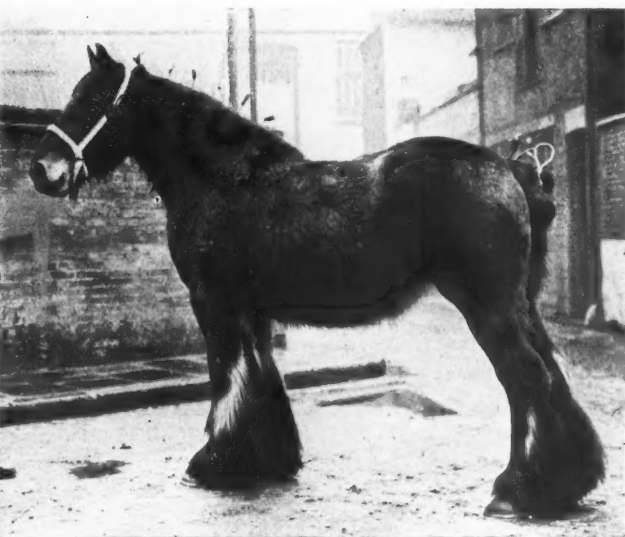
Reserve Champion mare.



W. A. Rouch.

LEEK PEARL (YEARLING).

Female Junior Champion.



PRINCESS CHILDWICK OF SUNDRIDGE.

Reserve Female Junior Champion.

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MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

IT is, perhaps, fortunate that such a comparatively small number of Londoners are acquainted with the Temple, or it would be impossible, for the very crowd of them, for one to turn out of the bustle of Fleet Street into the quiet, red brick courts. As it is, you can step off a 'bus and in a moment find yourself in one of the most beautiful Halls in England—the Middle Temple Hall, where Shakespeare gave "Twelfth Night" before Queen Elizabeth. We suspect that many of those who went last week to witness Massinger's play, "The Great Duke of Florence," were more, or, at any

rate (in justice to myself and the actors!), as much, impressed by the Hall as by the production. It was our original intention, and the play was selected with that object, to have the great Elizabethan screen, shown in the accompanying illustration, as the setting of the piece, as we had last year at the Abbots' Hall at Westminster for "Ralph Roister Doister." This, however, was considered impracticable by the authorities, and as it is our intention to write about the Hall and screen, we will content ourselves with dismissing the setting that we used as a dramatic rendering of the same influences that went to



MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL: LOOKING TOWARDS THE SCREEN.

evolve the screen, namely, an Elizabethan adaptation from the Italian. The arrangement of the setting, a main stage without proscenium and a small inner stage with a draw-curtain, supporting a musicians' gallery, is pure Elizabethan; its aspect was disguised, however, as one of those conventional houses, drawn out of perspective and relative size, such as seen in the work of Giotto, Fra Angelico and Ghirlandajo.

Had the screen end of the Hall been used the general appearance of the play would have been different, but the essential mixture of English and Italian, illustrated by the play itself—a Jacobean author writing of *cinquecento* Florence—would have been maintained. It was this mixture of origins in the screen that prompted us to select the play, for both are thoroughly English, though made up of Italian details. The screen, the finishing touch to the Hall, which was begun in 1562, was erected in 1574, and is comparable only to those at King's College, Cambridge, and at Hampton Court. Hampton Court Hall is the finest example that remains of the work of Henry VIII's time and, modelled on Edward IV's half-finished hall at Eltham, is a primitive mixture of Gothic and Renaissance detail. King's College Hall, on the other hand, is purely Italian, executed by Italian workmen and, though it is called the finest piece of wood carving north of the Alps, we cannot take a national credit for it. In the Middle Temple, however, we find the

national style already evolved, neither Gothic nor Italian; it is not a mixture, but, to borrow a chemical term, a compound. In the magnificent double hammer beam roof the Gothic feeling is mitigated by the prominence given to the arching by the exquisite turned pendants and the mouldings, in the manner adopted by the English craftsmen of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

The screen, of exceeding richness of carving, the figures upon it showing no little knowledge of anatomy, yet lacks the refinement both of design and execution which makes the King's College one famous. At the same time there is nothing Gothic or foreign in it; the strapwork panels on the gallery, the nulled panels on the lower level, the caryatids so freely introduced, all are essentially Elizabethan and English.

Perhaps the greatest marvel is that all should have survived, and that the repairs carried out in 1697, 1755 and 1808 should have obliterated nothing. The 1697 repairs, indeed, actually added to its beauty in the shape of the half doors in the twin arches, of which the great brass hinges are so fashioned that they will lie flat, when opened, against the back of the screen. Here the rich, pierced work is in complete harmony with the sixteenth century design, yet affords a pleasing contrast in its exuberance to the somewhat stilted Elizabethan classicism.

SOME YORKSHIRE COURSES

THE CHARMS OF ALWOODLEY.

I MADE a raid into Yorkshire last week and spent three very pleasant and strenuous days in seeing golf courses that were new to me. My headquarters were near Leeds, and every morning my kind host buzzed me away in his car to see at least two and, on one day three, courses. Thus on one day we saw Alwoodley and Moortown, on another we sped by the beautiful road along Wharfedale to Ilkley and came back in time for a last look at Alwoodley; on the third we saw the three courses of Harrogate, Pannal, Starbeck and Oakdale.

We in London are rather arrogant about our inland golf, as we are so rich in courses of sand and heather and fir trees. In Yorkshire they are not so lucky as regards soil. True, Ganton is as sandy a course as any in the world, but elsewhere there is a great deal of clay. Nevertheless, with the material ready to its hand Yorkshire seems to me to have done wonderfully well, and in Alwoodley it has a course as interesting, as charming and as good a test of golf as any I have ever seen inland. Moreover, though the weather was not too kind and there had been snow and heavy rain, the turf was in excellent order and, generally speaking, the north has either suffered less or recovered better from the drought than the south. Many London golfers would be profoundly grateful for the greens on which I have been putting.

Alwoodley is not easy to describe. It was agricultural land, but all traces of hedges have vanished as if they had never been, and the turf is not at all what one would call agricultural. It has something of a moorland character, yet is not coarse or bristling, but rather fine and delicate. There are patches of gorse here and there and patches of heather; the ground is undulating to the right degree; there is a big stretch of view; there is, too, a delightful wood called the Black Wood, of birch trees and dark firs, which makes a most effective background for some of the holes and has been skilfully used in the making of two of the very best "dog-leg" holes in existence. There are plenty of bunkers and also ranges of grassy hummocks with sand naturally and artistically disposed among them.

I believe Alwoodley was the first of the many courses that Dr. Mackenzie has laid out, and that, as he laid it out, so to all intents and purposes it has remained ever since. Both these facts are eloquent testimony to his talent. One thing in particular he has accomplished with unvarying skill. On practically every tee he suggests to the player that it is not enough to keep his ball somewhere on the fairway, but that he had very much better put it either to the right or left, as the case may be. If the player does not act on that suggestion he can still reach the green with his next shot, but that shot will have most emphatically to be "played." From start to finish one is continually manoeuvring for position, and if one succeeds one always gets one's reward.

I wish I had space to describe all the holes, but perhaps I should be very dull if I did. I must put in a special word, however, for those two "dog-legs," the eighth and the fifteenth. One bends to the left the other to the right. At the eighth one tries to get a long hook near, but not too near the corner of the Black Wood. Once round the corner there is the green in the distance, sloping gently upwards in two plateaux, closely guarded and looking extremely defiant. It needs a very fine full shot to get there, and a network of cross hazards compels one, if

one does play short, to play really short—one cannot merely slog and chance it. At the fifteenth, a terrible hole for a slicer, one must hug the Black Wood on one's right, yet not too closely, and there is a small billowy green round the corner with a voracious little bunker eating its way into the left-hand side of the green. There are four short holes, all good, one of which bears a slight family likeness to the High Hole in at St. Andrews, though Strath is not so deep nor the Hill bunker so terrible as in the original. The seventeenth is a very fine one and very unlike other holes. The green is in a hollow below a bank thickly covered with gorse, and the second shot—a good long one at that—must be played with a swing from left to right. Then the ball will sidle round the gorse, hang for a minute and finally topple down the hillside to the green below. But, indeed, all the holes are good save one, the tenth, where we come down to earth with a bump and play, after a glorious tee shot, the poorest and blindest of seconds down a slope. It is the one and only blot, and soon, I hope, there will not even be that one, for the right place for a green, a little further on and in full view, is just crying out to be used.

Moortown, which is a step across the road from Alwoodley, is the work of the same master, and though something rougher at present, yet exceedingly good. It has the same pleasant moorland turf, the same gorse, heather and engaging woodlands. There is not quite the same charm about it, but that may come with the mellowness of age. Here, again, there is much to be gained by the placing of the tee shot, especially by the man who can play with a draw without letting it degenerate into a hook. There are several holes where, if we dare hug the out of bounds on the left, we shall find the road open and slopes and hummocks that will help us, whereas if we push the ball too cautiously to the right everything will conspire to make the four a difficult one. Moortown has five short holes, one more than Alwoodley, and in the eighth has probably the prettiest of the whole nine. It reminded me a little of the fifth at Westward Ho! with its narrow green running a little up hill and all sorts of attractive horrors on either side.

Finally—for I must leave Harrogate to another week—one word as to Ilkley. For sheer prettiness this is a course hard to beat with its trowning, wooded hills all round it and the Wharfe taking its tortuous way down the valley. When I was there the Wharfe was a turbulent torrent partly in flood, and it encroached so closely on the outgoing holes that, having regard to the wind and the price of golf balls, we were too frightened to play except inland. Some of these holes are most charming, noticeably the third, which is a long one-shot hole running along an island made by the river dividing into two channels. It made one dizzy merely to cross the wooden bridge and see the stream tearing along beneath one, and as to playing the shot—well, we fuked it! All these river holes are most amusing; so are two, one going out and the other coming home, which have their greens—and such good ones—in a little grove of fir trees. So are the sixteenth and seventeenth, where is no river but a wooded hillside on the left and a hard high road on the right and a narrow strath of turf between. I think the river Wharfe would make me an even more chronic slicer than I am by nature, but I hope to run that risk and go back there some day.

BERNARD DARWIN.

The ACHIEVEMENTS of a GREAT TRAINER

JOHN PORTER OF KINGSCLERE.

JOHN PORTER'S death last week breaks what had been a strong living link with some of the most brilliant periods in the history of the British Turf. We of the present age think immensely of the equine celebrities that belonged to them. Whether the great ones of the last twenty years or so were greater than those of John Porter's era must be a matter of opinion. I can offer no convincing evidence, for the good reason that I can find none. Beyond all question, however, Porter and Kingsclere will ever live in the memory of this generation and generations to come. How, indeed, could it be otherwise when contemplating his amazing record? The kindly, modest, loyal and ever shrewd old man, who was gathered to his long rest last week, lived and worked in a day when all the great ones that trod the Turf seemed to come from Kingsclere. We will admit that competition then was nothing like what it is to-day. That is why it is so hard to win any sort of races to-day even though the purse may often be long. We need not dispute the point that Porter had the good fortune to train horses sent out from Welbeck and Eaton when at the height of their fame, since when they have gradually declined. In the late Duke of Westminster he had a breeder and a patron with wisdom far beyond what is given to the average man who seeks to succeed in similar enterprises. One may emphasise again the clear fact that competition in the days when Kingsclere was making brilliant history was not to be compared with what I believe it to be now. Allowing for all that, it must remain true that Porter was a very great trainer, practising all the arts he had acquired from a thorough grounding in early days with some admitted masters, but always displaying that instinct for his job which must have been inherent in him and which diverted him from a possibly obscure position in the legal world to making a bigger mark than any other man has ever done as a trainer of racehorses. In thus making a comparison between what the British Turf was thirty and forty years ago, when Porter was almost unchallenged at the top of



JOHN PORTER WITH ORMONDE.

One of his three Triple Crown Winners (Fred Archer up).

the tree, and what it is to-day, it must not be inferred that his record is being belittled by suggestion. Had he been other than he was—a man of extraordinary understanding of horses and capacity for hard work and intelligent method—he would doubtless have failed, and his death would have been allowed to pass without the volume of praise and kindly comment which it has brought forth. The King has even caused a message to be sent to the bereaved relatives, which is only usual in the case of those who have distinguished themselves to a very marked extent as good citizens. A man like John Porter did a tremendous amount for the cause of the British thoroughbred, and, incidentally, horse breeding generally. I can lay no claim to having been intimate with him in his halcyon days. One must belong to the old school to have possessed the qualification. I knew of him in later life when he had really laid aside the burden of training and the carrying on of the famous training establishment at Kingsclere.

But it has so happened that his name is associated with such celebrities as Ormonde, Orme, Flying Fox (grandfather, father and son respectively), Blue Gown, Rosicrucian, Paradox, La Flèche, Isonomy, Shotover, Sainfoin, Common, St. Blaise, and other great ones. When you think that horses trained by him won no fewer than 1,063 races of the total value of £720,021 you begin to gain some idea of the part he played in making some of the most sensational and brilliant chapters in the long and romantic history of the British Turf. No other man had such a record, and I am sure there is no man alive to-day who has the faintest hope of doing anything like as well. It may be that they agree with me that racing is a very different institution from what it was, because so many more are engaged as regards the numbers of owners, trainers and horses. Porter trained the winners of seven Derbys: in Blue Gown (as long ago as 1868), Shotover (fourteen years later), St. Blaise (in the following year), Ormonde (in 1889), Sainfoin (four years after that), Common (in the very next year) and, lastly, Flying Fox (in 1899). Of those mentioned Shotover, Ormonde, Common and Flying Fox also won the Two Thousand Guineas in addition to Paradox; and by winning the St. Leger also, Ormonde, Common and Flying Fox became what for practically all time, I suppose, has been known as Triple Crown winners. The two mares, Throstle and La Flèche, also won the St. Leger.

On the whole, his fillies were nothing like as distinguished as his colts, and it is certain from a look back on his life that colts brought him most renown. Only twice did he win the One Thousand Guineas—with Farewell and La Flèche; and three times the Oaks—with Geheimniss, La Flèche and La Roche. He had four winners of the Ascot Gold Cup in Blue Gown, Isonomy (twice) and William the Third. From that illustrious gallery of celebrities, which would be selected as the greatest? I have no doubt general choice would be made of Ormonde, and, presumably, Porter would have agreed. There is no doubt that the training of him must have given him tremendous pleasure, apart from the pecuniary profit and general distinction. Among all the horses of the century there is a tendency to leave Ormonde and St. Simon in the running for the laurel wreath, and John Porter



"J. P." in 1895.

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has reminded us, in that most interesting book he caused to be published with the assistance of Mr. Edward Moorhouse two or three years ago, that some contemporaries believe St. Simon was the superior of Ormonde. He has very rightly said that there is no means of proving which of the two estimates is the correct one. Both were wonderful animals, but he is of opinion that Ormonde beat better horses than St. Simon accounted for. Both were unbeaten as racehorses, but, of course, it was St. Simon that was destined to win such rare distinction at the stud.

For a certain select few horses Porter entertained a most genuine affection. Naturally it was extended to Ormonde, but of Isonomy, which does not take a place in history as a classic winner, he had the most intense admiration. "He was unquestionably one of the best horses I have ever known. I thought the world of him, and his achievements as a sire strengthened my regard and admiration," wrote Porter; and on referring to his record as a sire one is reminded that he got the very high-class Derby winner Isinglass, while in all his offspring won 254 races of the total value of £205,032. For the mare Virago that lived many years ago and was something of a wonder horse he could never find words adequate to express his admiration. He really believed her to be the best filly he had ever known.

What will ever be regarded as an unsatisfactory incident in the history of Kingsclere during the long Porter régime was the poisoning of Orme on the eve of the Two Thousand Guineas, which, of course, prevented the son of Ormonde from competing and also kept him out of the field for the Derby, both of which races he would, no doubt, have won. It was an incident quite ugly in its aspects, and one that shook the late Duke of Westminster and his trainer beyond anything that words can convey. An attempt was made at the time to suggest that there had been no foul play, but that was not the view of the trainer. He knew well enough that the horse had been poisoned and that he would have died but for the fact that he did not actually swallow the ball in which was the poison. Ever after he shrunk from the ordeal of having to take a physic ball when it became necessary to give him one. The offer of a reward of £1,000 did not throw any light on the outrage, and the sensation will ever be remembered in connection with Kingsclere, the late Duke of Westminster, who bred the horse from Ormonde, and the famous trainer, who has now passed away.

There would have been no Flying Fox had the poisoning of Orme been rather more complete than it was. When that horse came to take up stud duties he produced Flying Fox to the mare Vampire, a combination in a way of two queer-tempered animals. Porter always thought he was a good horse, but in later years, and when considering the class of those he beat, he came to the conclusion that perhaps he was not as wonderful as they were inclined to rate him at one time. Yet he made a very distinguished sire. In the first place he made a record price of 37,500 guineas when he came to be sold to M. E. Blanc on the Duke's death. Then he proceeded to do big things as a sire. When his second crop of foals were on the racecourse the winnings of his stock were no less than £52,834 in a single season, and in twelve seasons horses by him in France won no less than £203,369.

Let me turn now from the trainer to the man. First of all he was a man of extraordinary energy, loyalty and shrewdness. He was conscientious, and there is no doubt that he gloried in a quiet and unostentatious way in his achievements. They spurred him on at all times to keep aiming at the highest things in his work. He was careful in his choice of friends, though, of course, he had a sort of nodding acquaintance with the whole of the big racing world. He found time to take an interest in the church and social life of the village of Kingsclere in Hampshire. He loved his garden and the bird life of that quiet part of the county, and to his moderation in all things must, I suppose, be ascribed the fact that he enjoyed such good health for so many years and that he lived to within a very short time of reaching his eighty-fourth birthday. There was never any real repose for him in the autumn of his days, since he chose to be the founder of the very successful Newbury racecourse which takes rank to-day with the best in the country. It was he who conceived the idea of creating this racecourse alongside the Great Western main line and in the heart of the training centres of Hampshire, Berkshire and Wiltshire. He pointed out its great possibilities to the financiers among breeders and owners, who made it possible to launch the scheme.



ORME.
The victim of a sensational outrage.



FLYING FOX.
Famous as a racehorse, more famous as a sire.



W. A. Rouch. ONE OF "J.P.'S" FEW FAMOUS FILLIES. Copyright.
La Flèche in later years.

He has related how it was probably due to the late King Edward that the Jockey Club were persuaded to give the licence for the course at a time when they were inclined to look askance at it, on the ground that there were already too many racecourses in existence. Last week a race meeting took place on the course, and all the while the flag was at half mast in memory of the kindly old man who had been so largely instrumental in founding it and who on the eve of the meeting had died somewhat suddenly.

He had just arrived in the empty paddock on the morning before the meeting was due to open, in order to ascertain that the arrangements were all in order, when he was seized with fatal illness. He never regained consciousness, and that was the quick and somewhat dramatic way in which this quiet, unassuming man, who had contributed so vastly to the history of racing in the last sixty years, came to end his long and most useful and praiseworthy life.

PHILIPPOS.

SOME OUTSTANDING STEEPLECHASERS

THEIR PROSPECTS FOR THE "NATIONAL."

OF the current season's steeplechasing the two races that seem to stand out from all others are the one won by Arravale at Sandown Park some time ago and last week's race at Newbury, which was won for Lord Woolavington by his six-year-old Southampton. Dead-heat for second place, only half a length away, were Clashing Arms, who is owned by Colonel W. S. Anthony, now serving with the Royal Army Veterinary Corps in India, and Ardgour, belonging to Mr. Eric Platt. Only 2lb. separated Southampton and Clashing Arms in favour of the latter, but Ardgour was getting 15lb. from the one and 11lb. from the other.

The distance of Arravale's race at Sandown Park was three miles and a half, and though I am not impressed with the strength of the opposition accounted for on that occasion, the fact remains that the horse did his work in great style. For one thing he had never been asked to race over such a long course before, and the burst of speed he showed at the finish was something of a revelation even to his trainer. It revealed him in the light of a most formidable candidate for the Grand National—providing he can negotiate the difficult country. There is the great proviso. Here is a horse that was good enough to win the Goodwood Plate, beating Charleville (second not long before for the Northumberland Plate). In the last week of the season he also won a two mile race at Manchester, so that we know he has fine speed and stamina. I imagine he would be able to beat any other horse in the entry were it only a case of running on the flat anything from two to the four miles and half that make up the distance of the Grand National. But those thirty fences make a bit of difference.

Assuming for a moment that he is certainly capable of tackling the country without a fall and that he will not disappear at Becher's, Valentine's, the Canal Turn, or at the Water, does he not represent an extraordinarily attractive proposition weighted at only 10st. 10lb.? I believe his trainer was considerably astonished when he learned the weight the horse had been given, because it had been his intention to ride this horse himself and make a last try to ride the winner of the biggest steeplechase of all. As I say, it is all a question to my mind whether he will avoid falling or being brought down through the delinquencies of another. So far as one can judge on what was seen at Sandown Park he is now perfect in his fencing, but there is such a lot of difference between the courses and the fences at the two places. Since then, I am told, the horse has done nothing wrong in any schooling gallops he has had over pretty stiff jumps.

I had some memory of having seen him fall at Liverpool, and on referring to the Stanley Steeplechase at Liverpool on the day before Troytown won the Grand National two years ago, I find that he did fall. He was an equal first favourite with Lydie White, and out of a field of nine all came to grief but two—the winner, Gracious Gift, and South Lodge. We have to remember in his favour that the horse was then only a five year old and it is quite possible that the passing of two years has made him into far more of a finished jumper than was the case then. It is no secret that Arravale is regarded by his trainer as being considerably the superior of Ardgour, a newcomer this season to steeplechasing, and yet the handicapper had set Ardgour to give 2lb. to the other one in the Grand National. No wonder, therefore, that there is so much confidence in the horse and that Mr. Whitaker is beginning to have hopes of realising his ambition at last, though the race has been a most unlucky one for him. I recall that one year he rode his own horse called The Lawyer III, which finished third and was found dead in his box at night.

It was because Ardgour ran so well behind Southampton that the case for Arravale was made stronger. I am told that Ardgour may not be asked to compete at Liverpool this year, so that for the moment we need only deal with Lord Woolavington's horse and Clashing Arms. Any horse that has been off

a course for nearly a year, especially a steeplechaser, must be at some disadvantage when he comes to take on a stiff job under a big weight. That being so, Southampton did undoubtedly acquit himself most creditably, and it is a reasonable inference to suppose that he will be a few pounds better when next he comes to run. One gained that idea, too, from his appearance, both before and after the race, and thus in all subsequent calculations it would be well to allow for this point. It is, of course, against the horse that he has yet to make acquaintance with the course, while Clashing Arms has already won over it. For Southampton, however, it can be urged that he is a grand-looking horse and has certainly done well since first he ran in this country on passing into the possession of his present owner. Should he be destined to win he will certainly look the part, and, indeed, one cannot suggest a better-looking steeplechaser in training.

Clashing Arms is decidedly good looking, too, and in every respect most typical of what you would expect of a high-class 'chaser. He has the size and right conformation, and he is a wonderfully strong galloper and great jumper. Indeed, in these respects, he reminds me very much of Troytown. He will be ridden in the Grand National by Jack Anthony, who is quite of the opinion that he has a splendid chance of riding his fourth Grand National winner, the other three having been Glenside, Ally Sloper and Troytown. He is a brown horse by St. Martin, a horse that was bred by the late Lord Falmouth. This slashing son of St. Martin was, I believe, bred by the father of Colonel Anthony and his brother Jack. A victory for him, therefore, would be a most interesting family affair.

Before passing on to another subject I may add that I am sure we did not see the best of Music Hall in this race we have been discussing at Newbury. It is true that his trainer was strong in the belief that he would beat the cracks, but what happened in the race told him that the horse was not as fit as he had supposed. He is naturally a very gross horse and the stoppage owing to the frost had caused him to be more backward than had been thought possible. I daresay that is the explanation. The horse was most distressed after the race, in which he ran like an unfit one throughout the last of the three miles. He could not possibly have been at his best, and when I heard his trainer admit that he had made a mistake I came to the conclusion that the horse should by no means be put out of calculations on the big race which is interesting us so much at the present time. We have seen Garryvoe and Forewarned run a fine race at Manchester for the Allies Steeplechase. That was at Manchester last Friday; but if Clashing Arms be better than those two at the weights, why bother, especially as we have seen Garryvoe and Forewarned both fall at Aintree? Garryvoe, one recalls, was immensely fancied last year, but he soon came to grief, and it was the other one that made a far better show. St. Bernard ran indifferently at Manchester, and it is against him that he is rather lacking in inches though a very strongly made one. Neurotic, in the same stable as last year's winner, Shaun Spadish, has a following of sorts, but the public will be staunch to the one that has already done the big thing.

There is little that is fresh to write about the Lincolnshire Handicap. Apparently there is no desire to bet on the race to any extent, owners and trainers preferring to wait until such time as the horses have come through their preparations. Aclure is the nominal favourite, but the position is extremely nominal, and I do not recommend that this or any other horse be backed at the present juncture. There is doubt as to whether Soranus, last year's winner, or Polydipsia will represent Mr. Sol Joel, and beyond a casual mention of such as Proconsul, Royal Alarm, Twickenham, Senhora, Roman Bachelor and Sangot, there is no illumination to be thrown on the situation.

PHILIPPOS.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PAPAL TIARA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I add a note to the very interesting article of Mr. Thurston? The first papal tomb to show the double crowned tiara is that of Boniface VIII (Benedetto Caetani in the Grotte Vaticane, died 1302). The sarcophagus with the Pope's figure, a thing of much beauty, is commonly ascribed to Arnolfo, who doubtless designed the whole tomb, but I greatly prefer to see in it the actual work of a Cisinati master, perhaps Giovanni Cosma. The authorship of the tomb is, however, not to the point. The first Pope to wear the triple-crowned tiara was the French Pope Urban V (Guillaume de Grimoard, died 1370). He was buried in the church which he had built, St. Victor, Marseilles. I have not seen that tomb and cannot say if it carries the figure of the Pope as it shows a triple crown. But the sarcophagus of Urban VI (Bartolomeo Prignano, died 1389) in the Grotte Vaticane (crypt) has on its front the triple crown thrice repeated. The panels on left and right show the Prignano badge, an eagle, with in each case a tiara triple-crowned above, while the centre panel has a figure of the Pope wearing a similar tiara. Strangely enough, the figure of Urban VI lying on the sarcophagus wears only the double crown. I am, for that reason as well as on the evidence of style, practically certain that it belonged to a different tomb and is not Urban VI. The tombs of Boniface and Urban are figured in "Renaissance Tombs of Rome," published by John Murray. (I pray to be forgiven for the unavoidable egotism of quoting my own book, but I do not know where else to refer the reader.) These visible examples from the Papal tombs may serve to emphasise Mr. Thurston's remarks.—GERALD S. DAVIES.

PLANTS FOR BIRD SANCTUARIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The First Commissioner, as you have perhaps seen in the Press, has appointed a small committee to advise him as regards the creation of certain bird sanctuaries in the Royal Parks which are under the charge of this Department. In order to save the taxpayers' money, I, as chairman of this committee, venture to approach you to ask whether any of your readers could supply us with any of the shrubs and plants which attract the birds to nest therein. I enclose a list with approximate numbers required. They should be addressed to the Superintendent of Hyde Park, who will, of course, pay carriage, and a card should be attached to each gift showing their source of origin, in order that I may be able to write a personal letter of thanks to those of your readers who are willing to help us in this matter.—LIONEL EARLE, H.M. Office of Works.

SUITABLE PLANTS AS COVER IN BIRD ENCLOSURES.

Botanical Name	Common Name	Approx. Qty.
<i>Prunus sp. nosa</i>	Blackthorn	1,500
<i>Rosa canina</i>	Dog rose	1,000
<i>Cotoneaster</i> in variety		1,000
<i>Cornus sanguinea</i>	Dogwood	1,000
<i>Prunus pennsylvanica</i>	Wild red cherry	200
<i>Corylus avellana</i>	Common hazel	1,000
<i>Crataegus pyracantha</i>		1,000
<i>Crataegus oxyacantha</i>	Hawthorn	1,000
<i>Ribes sanguinea</i>	Wild currant	1,000
<i>Rosa rugosa</i>		1,000
<i>Symphoricarpos racemosus</i>	Snowberry	1,000
<i>Prunus cerasus</i>	Wild cherry	1,500
<i>Rubus canadensis</i>	Low blackberry	200
<i>Rubus villosus</i>	High blackberry	1,000
<i>Rosa rubiginosa</i>	Sweet briar	1,000
<i>Rubus Idæus</i>	Wild raspberry	1,000
<i>Briers</i> , Penzance, in variety		2,000
<i>Ribes grossularia</i>	Gooseberry	500
<i>Ulex europæus</i>	Gorse	2,000
	Osiers (Not in Central London Parks)	
	Yew	
	Willow	

STARLINGS AND FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In my letter on this subject I stated that it was just possible that it might have been carried by these birds from Russia, Finland, etc., seeing that many of our winter starlings came from these countries. I can hardly believe that it was so carried and never said so, except to merely venture the suggestion as just within the bounds of possibility. It is much more likely to have been

carried on the huge, webbed feet of the many domestic geese imported from these and other infected countries just before Christmas, especially so as such birds had probably washed in infected water. I quite agree with Dr. Collinge that it is about time our Board of Agriculture and Fisheries found a cure for the disease instead of slaughtering and burning the bodies wholesale. Nay, I go further, and say that when the disease had become practically universal was the time to try the methods employed with such success in Denmark, particularly so as the fluid used there is of British manufacture. Not only is this saponified carbolic acid preparation used as a cure, but also as a disinfectant and preventive against the disease.—H. W. ROBINSON.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE EPERGNE.

TO THE EDITOR.

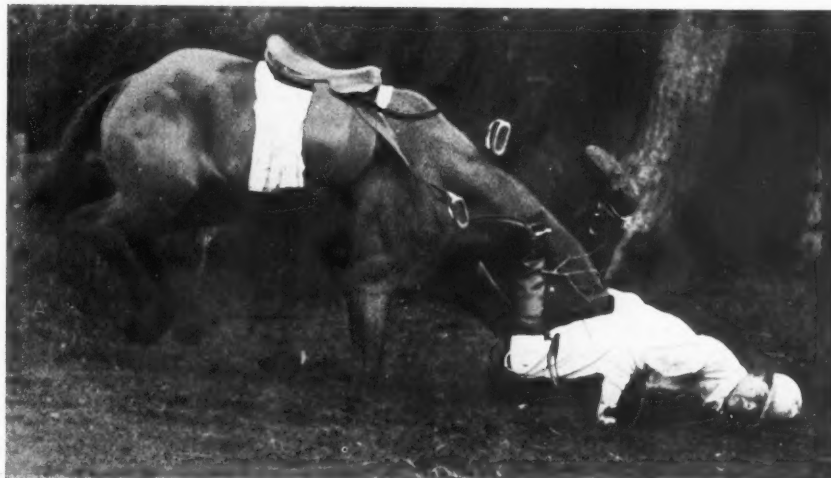
SIR,—I was interested in your article "The Evolution of the Epergne," and particularly in its illustrations of cake baskets. There has been an absolute slump in the value of these very beautiful baskets and, as an old collector, I would strongly advise readers who happen to have such baskets and who are thinking of disposing of them owing to the present hard times, to keep them for a year or two. The price is bound to go back to its old level as the workmanship of such baskets as you show in your article is superb—English silversmith's work of the best. On the other hand, the present-day collector will never find a better opportunity of buying these splendid pieces at rather less than half the price of, say, twelve months ago. What better table ornament can one have than a basket centre such as this, or one of two of these baskets filled with flowers for a great table?—H.

O WHAT A FALL WAS THERE!

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Perhaps this may be of interest to your readers, and I forward it to you as a contribution to your paper. It is out of a well known daily paper of February 20th, and one agrees that "it is rarely the camera is able to record" such a throw from a horse! The rider's left leg is worthy of a contortionist's stage efforts, unless the plate has been "touched up"—which appears far from improbable.—G. FOX-RULE.

[We are unable to reproduce the cutting which Mr. Fox-Rule, himself an expert in bringing about crashes of quite another kind, encloses. It appeared above the title, "How it Feels to be Thrown!—It is rarely the camera is able to record, as in this case, the expression of a thrown rider at the moment of his impact with the ground. Mr. H. Elton parting company with Gamcock at Cambridge University Steeplechases at Cottenham." It must have afforded much amusement not only to its subject and the steeplechase enthusiasts of Cambridge University, but to every envious possessor of two legs who wondered how the trick was done. Our reproduction of the untouched photograph puts the boot on the right leg—or rather, the boot on the left leg right, as the artist in his exuberant zeal seemed unable to do.—Ed.]



A CRASH AT COTTENHAM.

CRICKETS BEHIND THE HOT-WATER PIPES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I shall be most grateful if you can tell me how to get rid of crickets. They have established themselves behind the hot-water pipes in the wall of the scullery and nearly drive us wild with their noise. Whenever they venture out they are promptly killed, but seem to increase. I have so often found help in your valuable paper, I thought I might ask you this.—A. TORRENS.

[(1) Try some pyrethrum powder. Get an ounce or so, put it on a shovel, and light some with a red-hot cinder; put the shovel as near the crickets as possible and smoke them out. The common widely advertised insect powder will do as well. (2) Try to dislodge them with paraffin or other malodorous substance. Personally I prefer dichlorobenzene, but it is not easy to get. (3) Mashed carrots and arsenic is an American recommendation.—Ed.]

THE LITTLE OWL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In his letter in COUNTRY LIFE of October 29th Dr. Walter Collinge refers to the contents of the stomachs of 194 little owls "recently examined." He mentions the exact number of long-tailed and short-tailed field mice and that of house mice and voles, and shows moles and rats found, as well as many small birds, beetles and earthworms, but no mention is made whatever of any traces of game birds. If all these examinations took place during October it must be remembered that by then both partridges and pheasants have had plenty of time to get big and strong. The period when the little owl preys most on the game birds is when the partridges are cheepers and the pheasants are chicks with old hens in coops as their mothers. Then they are easily caught and carried off. At first the keeper does not realise what enemy is taking his young birds; but when he does, the best thing he can do is to lie in wait for the little owl and shoot it, or to set a trap, as, unless drastic measures are taken, the young pheasants will continue to diminish. Nor is it only young game birds that it takes like this. Last year the wife of the old keeper here saw a six weeks old chicken being taken off from a coop close to their cottage by a little owl. The following day she saw the owl come back and take another chicken from the same coop, but I gather the "little devil" did not get the same chance of taking off a third. This year there was a little owl's nest in an isolated barn; below the nest were various portions of cheeper partridges, chiefly feet. There had been a nest hatched out fairly close, but the youngsters got fewer and further between. I do not know if these were merely as titbits for the baby owls or whether the old birds ate any of them, but the result was the same. Another victim to these bird-Bolshies is the young cuckoo. Very conspicuous and quite unable to defend itself and with only small foster-parents, it is easily done in and every atom of its flesh is nibbled off its bones, in much the same way as a large mouse might do so. Some friends who walked over the Downs to see us found on the top the remains of a bird they

could not identify, and they were surprised to find that the feathers that they brought here were those of a young cuckoo. They had not realised that the young bird is of brownish colour and unlike the grey of the old birds. As it was miles from a building or where a cat was at all likely to be, I believe that was the work of a little owl. They were rather edified when I took them out and showed them the remains of a young cuckoo that had met a similar fate here.—EDWARD KING.

ANOTHER STAINED GLASS GOLFER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue of January 28th you published an illustration of a small figure, apparently playing golf, from the great east window in Gloucester Cathedral. You may therefore be



ST. NICHOLAS BLESSING A LITTLE GOLFER, IN HESSETT CHURCH, SUFFOLK.

interested to see this picture of a window in the church at Hissett, near Bury St. Edmund's, which was lately taken by the kind leave of the Rector. The window is, I believe, either late fourteenth or early fifteenth century. As you see, it represents St. Nicholas, as the patron saint of boys, blessing a group of four boys, and the one in the right-hand corner has got something in the nature of a golf club in his hand which he seems to be swinging. It is, I think you will agree, a charming picture, though, from a purely technical point of view, the little boy of Suffolk has not nearly so good a swing as his rival of Gloucester; indeed, if the truth be told, he looks as if he would top the ball rather severely. In the window the ball can be discerned at the player's feet, but I must admit that it is a little difficult to find it in the photograph.—D.

POULTRY AND PRIMROSES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Some curious superstitions still linger among country people with regard to the hatching of chickens. It is not simply a matter of selecting the eggs—although it is a fixed belief in many places that the large eggs will not hatch out, or, if they do, will produce only cockerels—but, according to the superstitions, the success of a hatch depends upon a variety of outside influences. In Norfolk, for instance, it is a fixed belief with some people

that if the first primroses brought into the house number fewer than thirteen, so many eggs only will each goose, duck or hen hatched out lay during its first season. A Norfolk clergyman was once called in to settle a quarrel between two women which had arisen because one of them had given her neighbour's child a single primrose in order, it was alleged, that the hens of the child's mother should only hatch one egg each. In Herefordshire there are people who will not have daffodils in the house while the hens are sitting, and it is believed, too, that if sallow catkins (palm) are taken into the house the chickens and goslings will die.—W. S.

THE KESTREL, THE LARK AND THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The rather unusual occurrence of a kestrel attacking a lark was observed here—near Pre cot—lately. The lark, after several narrow escapes, managed to reach the neighbourhood of a number of telegraph wires, around which the manœuvres were continued, but after some further attempts the kestrel flew away and the lark then dropped quickly into a field. The telegraph wires greatly assisted the lark, and it seemed to realise this, for it flew straight for the telegraph route and remained in the neighbourhood until the kestrel was outwitted and had disappeared.—FREDERICK CROOKS.

WELWYN GARDEN CITY.

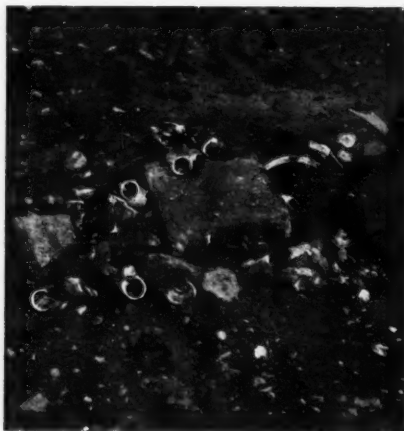
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Among the illustrations accompanying the article on the above which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE for February 18th was one of some blocks of houses in Brockwood Lane. These were incorrectly ascribed to Messrs. Hennell and James. The architects were Messrs. F. E. Williams, A.R.I.B.A., and Alfred Cox, F.R.I.B.A. The error arose from the fact that the houses directly opposite those in question were designed by Messrs. Hennell and James.—R. R. P.

THE THRUSH AND ITS ANVIL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During the hot and dry summer of 1911 I noticed that a thrush or thrushes used to try to break the snail shells on my garden path. I placed half a brick in a convenient place, which was taken to at once and always used after. The snails were all the common garden snail (*Helix aspersa*), which were obtained by searching in my garden and in some of my neighbours'. The thrushes became quite tame and would use the anvil fearlessly even when anyone was sitting near. The drought, no doubt, was the principal cause for their persistency in searching for snails, their usual food during the hot and dry summer being unobtainable. The following year (1912) was very wet, and consequently the anvil was a failure. But 1913 was fairly hot and dry, though not like 1911, and my anvil was again used most persistently, as the print will show. Again all the snails were the common garden snail (*Helix aspersa*). I have during succeeding years placed an anvil somewhere in the garden, and it has always been used with more or less success. But so much depends upon the season, whether wet or dry—if the latter, it is always used more extensively.—A. H. HAMM.



1911.



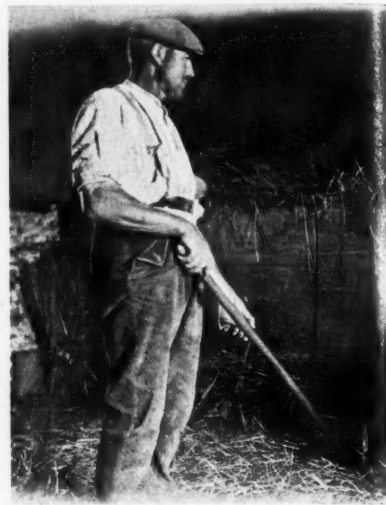
THRUSHES' ANVILS.

1913.

THRESHING WITH THE FLAIL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—This ancient method of threshing is still practised in some parts of the country. The



A DEVONSHIRE MAN WITH HIS FLAIL.

accompanying photograph was taken by me in the village of Stockland, Devon, not very long ago. The "reed" or straw is left in a much better condition than after the process of the threshing machine; but now that the more modern machine sorts and delivers the straw ready for binding, the old method is likely to fall more rapidly into disuse. In these circumstances the photograph may interest you.—R. T. WATKIN WILLIAMS.

THE DELIGHT OF A BIRD TABLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During the dreary, snowy days lately in Yorkshire, an old potting-shed table, which I moved nearer every day to my drawing-room window, has been an unending delight. Besides suet and cocoanuts tied on wire, I strung some of those light peanuts on a string across and also pinned some down to the table, as the birds carry them away. In this way the birds stay on the table, and it is amusing to see the tomits doing tight-rope tricks on the string and cleaning out the nuts. They seem to like the peanuts better than suet or cocoanut: but it is amazing the amount of food they get through, as it must be distinctly "filling"! Bird lovers will find this a very absorbing game to watch, though a waste of time, I am afraid.—GERALDINE M. TALBOT.

MIMOSA IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am enclosing you a piece of mimosa tree which is in bloom out of doors in my garden here, at Bittene in Hampshire. I think it rather an unusual occurrence for this country, as I do not know of any other trees around here. The frost and snow of a little while back seem to have had no ill effect on it.—E. C. LERMITTE.

A WATER GARDEN

ONE can have a garden of many sorts, but to most people there is nothing so attractive as a water garden; and this, too, may be of many kinds, ranging from a small pool to an elaborate "spring" garden, in which the water courses at different levels amid luxuriant foliage. The example shown by the accompanying illustrations is of the simpler kind. It is in the grounds of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's house on the island below Shepperton Lock, and for its architectural lay-out Mr. R. C. Coulson was responsible.

The design is the outcome of special conditions. The site was a wilderness garden, with a lily pond at the lower end of the island. This part was usually under water during the winter floods; consequently, the cultivation of any but the commonest plants was out of the question. It was essential, therefore, that the new garden should be above flood level, while at the same time giving ample space for water plants. The low retaining wall necessary suggested a formal outline, and the existing lawn and pergola dictated the axial position of the lily pond and the summer house at the end of the vista. This latter is built in small Dutch bricks, with plain oak columns and eaves, and old tiles on the roof. And it is not only a pleasing terminal feature when seen through the pergola, but equally attractive as a place to sit in.

The pool has a stone rim and is paved round about with Bargate stone. For the most part the paving is with squared stones, and once again the restful effect of these in comparison with "crazy" paving is made evident. Seeing that this is so, one wonders why the great majority of people indulge in "crazy" paving, the popular attraction of which is so strong that the writer has even known cases where squared stones have been broken up to form it.

At the end of the pool is a little bronze figure of a boy—the work of Mr. F. V. Blundstone. At the opposite end is the inlet to the pool, where the water gushes out of the mouth of a fish, this being also in bronze, and modelled by Mr. George Thomas.



THE WATER GARDEN, EYOT HOUSE, WEYBRIDGE.
R. C. Coulson.



LOOKING ALONG THE PERGOLA

ENGLAND *versus* FRANCE

FOR the first time in the annals of Rugby football England failed to beat France. It was the King of England, and not the King of France, who with 40,000 men climbed up the hill of expectancy and then came down again last Saturday. It must be said at once that England did not deserve to win and were very lucky to escape with a draw. Not that they had no chances—there were enough golden opportunities to supply Miss Kilmansegg with a complete outfit! But they were all thrown away, and had it not been for Day's exceptional place kicking, the home team would have been beaten for the first time at Twickenham since the South African match in 1913.

France is to be congratulated on the steady improvement shown in her Rugby football during the last few years; all good sportsmen would have been pleased to see the French team's pluck and skill reap the full measure of success—even at the expense of their own country.

It was a glorious sunny afternoon, and England started with a stiff breeze behind them. They at once took advantage of this and kept up a hot attack on the French line. There was, however, a Verdun quality in the visitors' defence, and the English attack lacked *finesse*, so that, at half-time, the line had not been

crossed successfully and England's lead of six points was the result of two penalty goals kicked by Day. The second of these kicks was a very fine one, even though the wind helped.

Up to this point the feature of the game had been the splendid tackling of the French backs. The English forwards were not getting the ball in the scrummages; Davies was not opening up the game for his three-quarter line, but was trying—unsuccessfully—to cut through himself and, when the three-quarters did get the ball, they fumbled or dropped their passes with the most irritating regularity. Once Lowe got clean away and seemed to have the line at his mercy, but he was looking round for someone to pass to long before he reached the French back and, when the pass was given, it went astray. It was an occasion when a feint to pass and a swerve would have meant a certain try.

There was a similar *contretemps* in the second half of the game, but, on this occasion, Lowe kicked across instead of going on himself and another fine chance was missed. It is very unusual for this fine player to lack resolution in running; fortunately for his side, his defence was as sound as ever.

When they had the wind behind them the French team lost no time in drawing level. Within ten minutes tries had been

scored by Got and Cassayet, but Crabos' kicks at goal were unsuccessful. Then, twenty minutes later, while an Englishman was stolidly waiting for the ball to drop into his hands, Lasserre snapped it up and scored a try in good position.

With a lead of five points against them, things looked black for England, but within two minutes, a mistake by the French backs enabled Maxwell-Hyslop to scramble over the line and a really magnificent kick by Day made the score all square once again. Although the Frenchmen gave us some anxious moments, nothing further was scored.

The man of the match—from the French point of view—was Pascot of Perpignan, the stand-off half-back, who opened up the game in great style, and whose Golliwog head seemed to bob up in the right place at the right moment every time. His colleague, Piteu, supported him admirably and gave Kershaw a lot of trouble. Got, who came into the team at the last minute in place of Bordes, played outside his club-mate, Ramis, and this Perpignan wing was most effective. Crabos' defence was very useful to his side and his experience made him a most efficient skipper.

The French forwards were excellent. They got the ball in the scrums, heeled smartly and fairly busted our men in the loose. Lasserre, Cassayet and Lubin Lebrère were the most conspicuous of a really fine pack. Clement, at full-back, was not

as good as usual and he committed the unpardonable offence (if unsuccessful) of taking a flying kick at the ball.

As for the English team, one can only think of the young lady of Dove—"there were none to praise and very few to love!" Kershaw and Day alone came out of the match with unsinged reputations. The forwards were frankly disappointing. Wakefield and Voyce began in great style but fizzled out. All lasted to the end, but they seemed slow and clumsy beside their opponents. Pickles suffered the fate of all full-backs who have an off day, he was a conspicuous failure. Even the reliable Myers made some bad mistakes, while Bradby is not likely to be seen outside club football for a time. The kindest thing to think about Davies is that he was still feeling the effects of his strain.

Sitting in the Grand Stand and listening to the lurid remarks about English players which darkened the air, it was rather sad to reflect on the ephemeral nature of a football reputation. One might have imagined that some of those most pilloried had never played a decent game in their lives! Forgotten were all those many occasions when nothing was good enough to say about them. Fortunately, the records of such players as Davies and Lowe rest on too sure a foundation to be blasted by a single failure; they have served their country well in the past at Rugby football—but they do not grow younger!

LEONARD R. TOSSWILL.

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

NATIONAL RIFLE SHOOTING.

THE annual report of the National Rifle Association strikes a happier note than its prototype of a year ago. Major Etches, the new secretary, has brought a new mind to a task which has been altered in many of its aspects by the war. For the time being the financial situation has been materially eased, substantial legacies having filled what had become a serious gap. Though the report reminds members that the normal expenditure exceeds normal revenue by over £2,000, one gains courage from the knowledge that the double adjustment needed is easier to apply when the immediate state is one of wealth than when impecuniosity bars every fruitful reform. There was evidence last year of a reawakening of interest in rifle shooting, but its effects were not shown in the entries at the Bisley Meeting because of the other preoccupations of our troops, also because of coal strike after-effects and of rumours, not unfounded, that the Bisley Meeting might have to be cancelled at the last moment through lack of markers. Bearing all these handicaps in mind, the Council of the Association deserves congratulation for having had the courage to hold a meeting at all and for the measure of success its devoted efforts achieved. Public sentiment towards rifle shooting is, at the present time, in need of guidance and stimulation. The great Volunteer movement which led to the formation of the N.R.A. in 1860 about equally divided its effort between the formation of corps and the cultivation of marksmanship. The impetus in the latter department continued for forty years on the strength of the work of enthusiasts who had found in rifle shooting a congenial means of satisfying their desires for a mixture of sport and what may be termed scientific hobby. Then came the South African War and the severe lesson imparted not only by the superiority of the Boers in marksmanship, but by the miserably small number of our population who possessed any skill whatsoever. Fortunately, Lord Roberts undertook the task of teaching the country its duty in respect to national defence. The period of active effort so engendered came to a close with the Great War, where science revealed so many other instruments of destruction as to withdraw attention from what many still hold to be the basic instrument of warfare. To preach and stimulate the practice of rifle shooting at a time when an era of universal peace is being organised may sound inconsistent, yet rifle shooting is a mild form of insurance which should never be neglected. But we want someone who commands public confidence to say so.

THE INCIDENTALS OF WILDFOWLING.

Explanation for the spell which wildfowling casts over all who have tasted its delights must be sought in other directions than the mere shooting. Good as this may be at times, recollection of details harps more on certain wonderful but isolated successes than on the steady flow of results obtainable in dry land shooting. Yet the total time devoted to the pursuit is full of pleasurable sensations. Perhaps the greatest charm of wildfowling is attributable to its close association with things maritime. There is invariably a consciousness of superiority over the summer yachtsman who basks in a hot sun and allays its heat by frequent bathing. In the winter one experiments in clothing which will arrest the flow of chilling air to the uttermost recesses of fleecy underwear, the while envying the harder constitution of the professional fisherman. The accompanying

Illustration depicts one very pleasant interlude in a day's wildfowling, for the trawl had been brought along and duly submerged. At the end of a brief half hour its catch would have filled any waste-paper basket, except perhaps an editor's. The mainsail is of a peculiar type which especially fits it for wildfowl work, for its suspension by a single halyard facilitates the single-handed working of the craft. On another occasion, when moving gently along in the row boat, our nostrils were outraged by the typical garage smell. The sea was covered with an oily film; black ducks had been found so besmeared with it as to have lost the power of flight, being reduced to swimming and diving. The conjecture is that some war-sunk vessel is



A VERY USEFUL TYPE OF WILDFOWLING YACHT.

gradually venting her cargo, the cask-hoops progressively giving way and producing a steady delivery of the noxious scum. Then, again, one learns many interesting things about the lesser devices for picking up a living on the water, or maybe on the mud. The gentle art of winkle gathering is not as easy as it looks, for the winkle is one of those things which you can look at without seeing. There are rungs in this profession as in all others. "A good man" can at present prices make 11s. during the three hours that the mud flats, which harbour these tasty morsels, lie uncovered. They have their own weights and measures table as well. It runs something like this:

200 winkles 1 pint, 86 pints 1cwt., 1cwt. equals 24s. in the London market. There is another measure which runs: 42 pints make 1 wash, and 1 wash brings in 8s. from the local higgler. A wash is about three-quarters of a peck. These figures give 17,200 winkles to a cwt., but large ones run as low as 6,000, while it takes a very small wrinkle to run 16,000 to the cwt. Even so, to find and gather half a hundredweight of these morsels on "ground" where the average person would not venture is by no means extravagantly rewarded with 11s. Sport is unconscious of boundaries, for no matter what may be the particular aim of the occasion its true pleasure resides in the incidental impressions which are garnered as the day proceeds.

A BOOK ON AMERICAN SHOT GUNS.

The Editor has sent me a copy of "The American Shot Gun," by Charles Askins of Oklahoma, U.S.A. (The Macmillan Company), with the suggestion that I should review it in these Notes instead of in the column ordinarily devoted to that purpose. The author is not what you would call a well read person; for instance, he concludes his preface by saying: "Nothing has been written of a general nature on the principles and science of wing shooting." He is, moreover, very American. The try-gun is an American invention; Dr. Carver invented shooting with the left eye open; but best of all is his contempt for British game shooting, which is as scathing as that of other Americans who have not tried it. Yet the author is really a first-class fellow, none the worse for the insularity of extreme order which we may forgive in one who has been a life-long prisoner in a big and progressive continent. The book is absolutely first-class when it treats of the facts and conclusions which the author has garnered from continuous devotion to shooting. Lots of people have been through the same experience, but this man can write in detail of the innermost processes of brain, hand and eye when faced with the problem of adding another item to the bag. It is when he gets off the solid foundation of personal experience that he sticks occasionally in the mud. On technical questions he has a ready brain and wit, plenty of power to handle figures, and yet hardly any knowledge—not nearly as much as would result from a couple of hours' study of the *Shooters' Year Book*. For instance, he states quite rightly that the velocity of a charge of shot is 1,050ft. per second over 20yds., and that over the double distance of 40yds. the figure is reduced to 850. That, also, is quite correct, but when he proceeds to treat 850 as the velocity at 40yds. (the true value being 615) he overlooks the fact that the 850 is a mean, which includes the 1,050 over the first half of the distance, and not the residual value. He then lays down that 750 velocity is necessary for clean killing, and *inter alia* he credits their No. 6, equal to our No. 5, with this velocity at 60yds., whereas it has reached the stated limit at half the accredited distance. In comparing English and American best guns, you know when he promises to be absolutely fair that he is going to sum up in favour of American. His argument shows that he does not understand one single reason for the English specification; thus he praises as virtues in the American prototype faults which our makers were successful in eradicating fifty years ago.

THE AMERICAN LEANING TOWARDS HEAVY CHARGES.

The really interesting brain study engendered by this book is to account for the remarkable difference of weapon and cartridge as between American and United Kingdom types. There can be no misunderstanding the author's absolutely emphatic insistence on the necessity of heavily charged and close-shooting guns. Have they made their game so wild that it cannot be brought within what we should consider reasonable distance of the gun? We know that their quail shooting is exactly similar to that of woodcocks in British coverts, also that they mainly shoot their ducks over decoys, the shooter being thus free to choose his distance from the attraction provided. Yet the standard charge is 1½ ozs., and the gun to fire it one that delivers 250 to 275 pellets in the 30in. circle at 40yds., using their 7½ shot, which gives about 400 to the charge. With our No. 6 and its total in the standard charge of 289 pellets, we aim at 120 to 160 pellets in the circle. Mr. Askins considers three hitting pellets enough to score a kill; we prefer five. Everything looks as though they are limited to very long shots at their birds, yet 20yds. is frequently named in this book, and 35yds. as an extreme range for "uplands" shooting. To make understanding more difficult we are told that the 20-bore, firing ¾ oz. of shot, has but 5yds. less ranging power than the 12-bore with its standard charge (1½ ozs.), also that the 28-bore is but 2yds. behind the 20-bore. We read that while the "English often use 1½ ozs. on their domesticated, driven partridges . . . practical marksmen . . . unanimously favour an ounce and a quarter" And yet I seem to have heard of an experienced American sportsman who hardly got a bird all day when introduced to the Norfolk driven partridge. Personally, I imagine that what the American gains in ranging power from his heavy loads he loses by using a 7½lb. gun, also that the real basis of his selection is clay bird shooting on the club system. One final point I should like to see cleared up. We in England recognise the choke, half-choke, improved cylinder and true cylinder boring, which give respectively 70, 60, 50 and 40 per cent. patterns. This writer interpolates another graduation, with the result that the cylinder is only credited with 30 per cent.

patterns. I never remember a cylinder regularly giving less than 40 per cent. patterns, and must have tried some scores.

A CEYLON ESTIMATE [OF TEAL FLIGHT.

Just on what basis of fact the current estimations of rate of bird flight depend I have never been able to ascertain. Many motorists have been able to read the speedometer when chance causes them to be maintaining a level race with woodpigeons or other birds.* Among our young airmen the sport of crow chasing was often indulged in, one of their number having told me that he once failed to gain on a party of rooks although going all out and by revolutions maintaining a speed of seventy miles per hour. The other day I heard of an exact and scientific means of computation which had been operated by two keen sportsmen in Ceylon. There was a certain pool highly favoured by teal, these birds when flushed flying with all speed to another pool exactly one mile away. So good a chance was not to be wasted. They arranged that one of them should fire off a black powder charge at the flushing place, while the other, stop watch in hand, should set the clock going on observing the smoke and arrest the needle on the arrival of the birds at their customary destination. Time after time they did the mile so nearly in a minute—sometimes more, sometimes less—that we may accept the speed of this particular species at sixty miles per hour, and that from a standing start. I trust there will be no offence in naming these truly scientific observers, for Mr. A. Thorp and Mr. H. W. Gavin, should these words happen to strike their eye, may be willing to confirm and to supply details not here presented. One of them mentioned that his average yearly consumption of cartridges was 20,000, and he wondered how near this came to an all-world record, at least so far as live game shooting is concerned, and excluding clays as dealt with by American enthusiasts.

THE LAST OF THE SEA-EAGLES

(This poem was suggested by the report of the watchers employed by the Ornithological Society of Great Britain. It is there said that but one solitary female erne or sea-eagle remains on all the coast of Scotland, where they used to be found in small numbers. She is said to act as below described.)

Top of Ailsa Craig's an eyrie,

Where the brown kelp glistens and dives

With the wave-splashed rock,

And a lonely eagle watches.

White as the foam is the lonely eagle,

The last of her clan,

The last of the white-tailed eagles,

Grown hoary-plumaged for age,

Weary of sea and land.

Yet every spring

Will she bring to the eyrie of ages

A few sparse sticks,

Jetsam of ocean gathered.

Then she awaits the lover that once she knew:

But he cometh no more, slain long ago by the fowler;

Yea, he and all his clan are slain.

Only the old white Queen remains,

Faithfully waiting,

Shorn of attendants,

Save for the crows,

Who ever accompany her, cawing vociferous, when she leaves the eyrie

To sail slow and stately over the old haunts

Seeking her prey.

But away she just winnows them,

If they dare too near,

(Admiring or angry, what matter?)

With one sweep of the wing,

And continues to soar

Majestic over ocean,

The last of the white-tailed eagles,

The lonely Queen.

DOUGLAS AINSLIE.

THE ESTATE MARKET

CAVERSHAM AND KIRTLINGTON

WE have it on the authority of Charles I. and his son, the Duke of York, that the old pronunciation of Caversham Park was Cawsham, for that is how they spelt its name in their letters, and they did not, like the immortal Mr. Samivel Weller, "put it down a 'we.'!" "The taste and fancy of the speller," as Sam Weller remarked to Mr. Justice Stareleigh, was paramount, when writing itself was a rare accomplishment. From 1471, for certainly a quarter of a century, Caversham was a royal demesne. In 1542 the house had fallen into a ruinous state, and the erection of a new one was begun, but on what site is not now known, though it stood until early in the eighteenth century.

Two at least of the Caversham houses have been burned down, the last mishap of that sort occurring in the year 1850. Then followed the present mansion, which has been described as classical of the Composite order. When the grandiloquent George Robins was instructed to dispose of Caversham Park, in the year 1824, he alluded to it as "a terrestrial paradise." Sir Anker Simmons (Messrs. Simmons and Sons), in the spirit of the practical and modern agent, offered the property nearly two years ago, and he laid stress rather on its agricultural than its paradisiacal potentialities, and disposed of roundly £50,000 worth of the farms. (COUNTRY LIFE, June 5th, 1920, page 772.) Messrs. Nicholas have now sold the house and 60 acres.

THE MANOR HOUSE, STOCKBRIDGE.

TROUTING for a mile and a half on both banks of the Test is enough, in itself, to make any estate attractive, but the Manor House at Stockbridge, just sold privately by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., also possesses some of the best partridge shooting in the country. The residence, a mile from Wherwell station and 4½ miles from Andover, is in parts 280 years old. The more recent alterations and restorations have been carried out under the supervision of a well known architect, and the house is in every respect an exceedingly perfect example of a country residence of the best type. It is of red brick with a roof of dark red tiles, rich in oak beams and panelling, and having floors of solid oak. With 686 acres the Manor House has been purchasable for £35,000. The sale by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. includes 177 acres of feeding rights on Bransbury Common.

DUNCOMBE PARK TO BE LET.

THE magnificent Yorkshire estate, Duncombe Park, is to be let, by Messrs. Lofts and Warner, for five years or longer, with 13,000 acres of shooting, at a low rent, and the cost of upkeep will be borne by the owner. There are 3,000 acres of woods, a deer forest of 2,000 acres, trout fishing, and hunting with Lord Middleton's and other packs. Duncombe Park was the subject of an illustrated article in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. XVII, page 270). Helmsley Castle, dealt with at special length in Clark's "Medieval Military Architecture," is just inside the gates of the Earl of Feversham's fine estate. The district is one of remarkable beauty.

KIRTLINGTON'S MONKEY ROOM.

IN COUNTRY LIFE last week we mentioned the Earl of Leven and Melville as being about to sell a large section of the Talbot Woods estate, Bournemouth. His lordship for some time held Kirtlington Park, Oxfordshire, which has just been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Mr. Young, of St. Albans. The purchaser was advised in the matter by Messrs. Prickett and Ellis. About 2,000 acres of the estate remain for sale and will be submitted to auction at an early date, by the Hanover Square firm, jointly with Mr. Young.

The "vast new house, situated so high that it seems to stand for the county as well as himself"—to quote Walpole's exaggeration upon seeing Sir James Dashwood's mansion in 1753—had the various stages of its progress recorded by its proud owner and builder, Dashwood, the descendant of a City merchant, whose family lived originally in Hackney. Thus, on April 5th, 1742, we find the entry:

"Began to dig foundation of new house," and, on June 12th, "began to get water," which is apparently an allusion to the formation of a lake in the park. In August, 1746, he had also "got the port and champagne," preparatory to a sumptuous house-warming. Embellishment of the interior went on steadily for years after that, and, by the end of 1762, the expenditure on Kirtlington had reached an aggregate of £32,542. The owner's intention was at first to have the gardens executed in the formal style, but it was dropped in favour of a design by Lancelot, commonly known as "Capability," Brown.

One of the Dashwoods sold the estate to the fourteenth Earl of Leven and Melville in 1910. In "Vitruvius Britannicus" the plans of Kirtlington are attributed to "Smith and J. Sanderson," and the old notebooks, already referred to, mention payments to "Smith the builder." They were, respectively, the J. Sanderson who built Stratton Park, Hants, and Smith who put up the Palladian front of Thame Park for Viscount Wenman, a cousin of Sir James Dashwood.

French ornament of the period, stigmatised by Isaac Ware as "little less barbarous than the Gothic," reaches its highest expression at Kirtlington in the famous "Monkey Room." That painted ceiling depicts simian sportsmen hunting stags, boars, foxes and hares. It is a riot of fancy and fine colouring, and one who has lately and closely inspected it says "it is still vivid, droll and worth going a long way to see." Clermont, who painted it in the year 1745, was content to do so for £70, or, at any rate, that is all he received for it. An illustrated article on Kirtlington appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of April 13th, 1912 (page 542).

ETON COLLEGE LAND SALES.

FOLLOWING the decision arrived at in 1919 to sell 5,662 acres of land in Oxfordshire, Somerset, Monmouth and the Eastern Counties, on behalf of Eton College, sales have now been effected of 5,356 acres. The group of realisations just completed by Messrs. Rawlence and Squarey, who are the College agents, includes 3,183 acres, which made £75,770, inclusive of timber.

Rushbrooke has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, with 350 acres. Queen Elizabeth held her Court there on two or three occasions, and in other ways the house, near Bury St. Edmund's, is of great historical interest.

WORTH PARK OUTLYING LANDS.

THE impending sale of outlying portions of Worth Park reminds us that, in September, 1915, at Hanover Square, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, acting for Sir Francis A. Montefiore, offered the mansion and estate of 2,055 acres. Built nearly forty years ago, the house is in the Italian style of architecture, of red brick with stone facings and a tiled roof, with a princely suite of reception rooms. Worth Park takes its name from the ancient forest of Worth, on the edge of which it stands, on a site some 300ft. above sea level, approached by a winding drive half a mile long, and flanked on either side by an avenue of limes and oaks, terminating, east of the house, in a broad gravel sweep.

The Dutch, Italian and fountain gardens, the winter and summer palm courts, and the maze, are noteworthy, and the situation of the estate is excellent, being only 30 miles from London and 22 miles from Brighton, and close to Crawley and Three Bridges Junction on the main line of the L. B. and S. C. Railway. Some of the eighteen or twenty farms on the estate have grand old half-timbered Sussex houses, and all have good buildings. The forthcoming auction will comprise two small country residences and five large farms, as well as building sites near Crawley and adjacent to the racecourse at Gatwick. Parkwood and the old Tudor residence, Edgeworth, will also be submitted.

As a sporting country this part of Sussex compares well with any spot within a like distance of town, the game bags recorded, when the whole estate came under the hammer, averaging a yearly total, between 1910-11 and 1914-15, of 4,000, including, generally, about a couple of thousand pheasants. Coarse fishing can be had in the neighbourhood, and there is hunting with the Crawley and Horsham Staghounds, and the Old Surrey and Burstow Foxhounds.

Many years ago the estate was described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. VI, page 400), and the article should be read by any would-be buyer of the detached portions of the estate, for, like the details already given of the whole domain, it conveys an idea of the general characteristics of this very delightful district of Sussex. An older house at Worth Park was destroyed by fire, and the present palatial structure took its place.

LISCOMBE AT A LOW RESERVE.

LISCOMBE PARK, the late Mr. Ernest W. Robinson's fine old house at Soulbury, 3 miles from Leighton Buzzard, is still in the market. With just under 1,000 acres it came under the hammer of Messrs. Humbert and Flint, at the Mart last June, and was withdrawn at £45,000. Farms on the remaining 500 or 600 acres were, however, dealt with. The manorial rights of Soulbury and Liscombe, and the advowson to the living of Soulbury, a church restored by the late Mr. G. E. Street, are included in the estate.

Liscombe Park is built in the castellated style in brick and rough cast, and the tiled roof is mellowed in tone with age. Some portions of the house are thirteenth century. Hunting with the Whaddon Chase two or three days a week, and the ease with which meets of the Bicester, Grafton, Hertfordshire and Oakley hounds may be reached, are points worth remembering in regard to Liscombe, which is now to be submitted at substantially reduced reserves. The stud farm, equipped with costly modern buildings, will form one lot with the park, in all, 374 acres, and other lots range from about 20 acres up to 298 acres. The auction will be held in May, by Messrs. Humbert and Flint.

FUTURE OF FARNHAM CASTLE.

"THE future of Farnham Castle is," says the Bishop of Winchester, "a matter of most anxious consideration, but the last way of dealing with it on the part of those concerned is that of putting it on the market for sale." Some months ago we announced that Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co. were commissioned to let the Castle furnished. Farnham Castle was the subject of an illustrated article in COUNTRY LIFE of May 6th, 1911. The park has a circumference of approximately three miles, and the Castle was one of at least half a dozen built by Henry de Blois in the diocese of Winchester. The stone keep is typical of Norman work, with some Gothic traces. It was the scene of fierce struggles in the reign of King John and Henry III, and between Roundheads and Cavaliers. In 1660 it reverted to ecclesiastical ownership, and was at that time in a very dilapidated condition.

Izaak Walton was at Farnham Castle a great deal, and dated the fifth edition of "The Compleat Angler" from the picturesque stronghold overlooking the pretty old town of Farnham. There is carving at the Castle which, though undoubtedly very fine, is sometimes, and wrongly, attributed to Grinling Gibbons. The facts concerning it were critically examined in COUNTRY LIFE in the article already mentioned.

THE FRIENDS' CITY HEADQUARTERS.

ASSOCIATIONS with Bishopsgate of more than 250 years are likely soon to be terminated if the Society of Friends finds a suitable site in the Kingsway district to which to transfer its headquarters. The Friends hope to obtain about £300,000 for their present premises, adjacent to the Great Eastern Railway terminus.

Newton House, a hunting box on the borders of the North Warwickshire and Pytchley, with 9 acres, has been sold by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock. Sales by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker include Solent Cottage, Fawley, and 43 acres. Messrs. Harding and Harding have disposed of West Lodge, Upham.

Messrs. Dibblin and Smith have sold before the auction Knockholt, Cleardown, Woking, for Mr. A. Cecil Sanday, for whom they recently purchased Kingswood Manor, Reigate. They have also sold privately, in conjunction with Messrs. Winkworth and Co., a Surrey freehold residence and 11 acres known as Langhurst, Witley. ARBITER.